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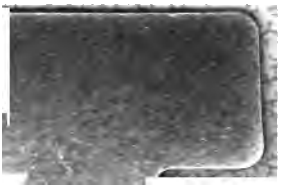

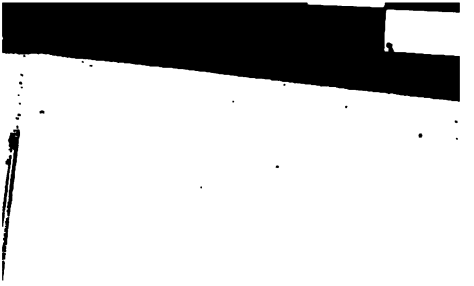

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THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

G. A. STEVENS, ESQ.

THE

WORKS

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G. A. STEVENS ESQR

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THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

G. A. STEVENS, ESQ.

Consisting of his celebrated

LECTURE ON HEADS,

AND

SONGS.

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION,

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY C. TOLLY, ESQ.

Risum teneatis, Amici? *Hor.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WASHBOURN AND SON, GLOUCESTER; G. WILLIAMS, CHELTENHAM; AND KNIBB AND LANGBRIDGE, WORCESTER.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this Lecture being the first who ever attempted to entertain an audience for four hours by himself, without a change of person, although he sometimes changed his appearance by a wig, &c. the undertaking, though novel, was extremely hazardous; notwithstanding, he met with extraordinary success in London, and afterwards delivered it with a continuance of that success in almost every principal town in England and Ireland. During this itinerant stage of its exhibition, it had received great improvements and additions from the hints and suggestions of Shuter, Howard, Churchill, and many other wits of that day. It therefore re-appeared in London almost a new performance, and met with increased approbation. After the author's death, Mr. Lee Lewis, and other comedians, delivered it (with temporary alterations) in the East Indies, and various parts of this kingdom, with considerable applause. The success of this Lecture has occasioned many similar attempts. We have had a Lecture on Hearts, a Brush for rubbing off Care, Portraits, &c. &c.; but though assisted with music, they have never acquired the popularity that has

marked the present undertaking, which unquestionably possesses every quality of true satire. The heads and their dresses compose the picturesque —the assumption of character and dialogue by the lecturer, the dramatic—and the lively description of manners, the judicious propriety and pertinence of observation, the narrative:—herein are therefore united the most remarkable species of satire. The wit, also, is as various as the subjects which it satirizes; its brilliancy charms, its poignancy convicts while it chastises, its pertinency adorns the sentiment or observation it would illustrate, and its variety always entertains, but never satiates. Even the author's puns please from the aptness and pleasantry of their conceits. The characters are such as will be found to exist with nature, and compose every part of the community. The old and young, the rich and poor, male and female, married and unmarried, and those of every learned and unlearned profession, are the subjects of the author's whimsical, yet judicious censure. The language is both lively and delicate. In short, this entertainment abounds in more wit, humour, and character, than can be found in any of our modern comedies.

A work of such acknowledged merit, which has never yet been presented to the public in a suitable form, cannot be unacceptable to the admirers of real wit and humour. It has survived its author, and will outlive even his successors. All due at-

tention, therefore, has been paid to the present edition, in which it will appear that an entire new arrangement has been adopted, every fresh subject or character bearing appropriate heads, in order that references may be made by the reader with greater facility, and that the lecturer may be apprised of what action, tone of voice, gestures, &c. the respective parts may require. The ingenious additions which were made by Mr. Pilon are retained, except where the vicissitudes of fashion required some change, in which case we have substituted *original* additions, as specified in our notes, at the same time adhering as closely as possible to Stevens's text. Thus *modernized*, this Lecture on Heads may still afford entertainment either on the stage or in the closet, particularly when it is recollected that it was once the most popular exhibition of the age.

Our author's Songs having been also esteemed as choice effusions of wit and pleasantry, are here given without any alterations from the original text; for being chiefly devoted to Venus and Bacchus, the subjects seem as well adapted to the present day as to that period in which they were produced. Those entertaining compositions, which for the first time, accompany the author's Lecture on Heads, cannot fail to render the present volume doubly interesting to the lovers of Whim and Fancy.

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MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THE subject of our present consideration was one of the most singular characters this or any other country ever produced. He was born in or near Holborn, having been the son of a tradesman, and brought up with a view to some mechanical employment. In early life, he, however, attempted the stage, and became first a strolling player in one of the provincial companies, whose chief head-quarters were at Lincoln, where he performed some time. He then joined other companies, and, in 1752, performed in Dublin, where he produced his first dramatic piece, a burlesque tragedy, called "Distress upon Distress." The year following, he came to London, and obtained an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. As an actor his merit was below mediocrity; but as an humorous author, he acquired considerable fame. Thus many can

write *for* the stage with celebrity, who *on* the s
cannot act like common men. Mr. Stevens
became famous at the several convivial soci
then in being, of which there was a great num
as, *The Choice Spirits, High Borlace, Com
Court*, &c. &c. for which he wrote many of
songs here annexed, which were very much
plauded, and, by the critics of his day, estee
the best classical songs then extant.

Before his visit to Dublin, our author h
severe fit of illness, during which he gave the
lowing account of himself, which affords e
reason to suppose that the tenor of his life
not been much influenced by the rules of pie
virtue.

" By chance condemn'd to wander from my
An erring exile o'er the face of earth;
Wild through the world of vice—licentious
I 've started folly, and enjoy'd the chase;
Pleased with each passion, I pursued their ai
Cheer'd the gay pack, and grasp'd the guilty
Revell'd regardless, leap'd reflection o'er,
Till youth, gay health, fame, fortune, are no
Too late I feel the thought-corroding pain
Of sharp remembrance and severe disdain,
Each painted pleasure its avenger breeds,
Sorrow's sad train to Riot's troop succeeds,
Slow wasting sickness steals on swift debau
Contempt on pride, pale want on waste a

It is, however, to be apprehended that the *Libertine Repentant*, as he called himself, renewed the same course on the return of his health, which happy restoration also soon became accompanied with wealth; for, by an extraordinary effort of genius, he acquired not only fame but affluence. Hitherto his finances were at a low ebb, and his person often in durance. Still, as a companion, he was cheerful, humorous, and entertaining; particularly after the manner of his predecessor, Tom D'Urfey, by singing, with much drollery and spirit, a variety of his own excellent songs. He usually wrote pieces of humour for Shuter to deliver at his benefit; and, in 1760, published a novel, in two volumes, called "The History of Tom Fool." The next year he began a periodical publication, entitled "The Beauties of Magazines." In 1763, he gave the public some entertainment at the expense of his friend Shuter and Nancy Dawson, in "The Dramatic History of Master Edward, Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Llworddrhydd, and others, the extraordinaries of those times." For Shuter he composed the first sketch of his Lecture on Heads; but whether the humour of the piece was not congenial with that of Shuter, or whether he was inadequate to the task, it is certain that he did not approve of it. Fortunately for the author, he was prompted to enlarge his plan, and having furnished himself with a complete apparatus, he went into the country and repeated his Lecture, with so much

success, at various places, that he was soon enabled to amass, and remit home, several large sums of money; by which he secured for himself an affluence which might have lasted him during the rest of his life. After exhibiting his Lecture all through England and Scotland, with extraordinary approbation, he visited America, and was well received at all the capital towns. At Boston his reception was far from what he expected; he was apprehensive that the gloom of bigoted presbytery would prevent the humour of his Lecture from being relished, but crowded audiences, for the space of six weeks, convinced him of his error. At Philadelphia, his reception was equally flattering and profitable. After an absence of two years he returned to England, and soon after paid a visit to Ireland. It cannot be wondered that Stevens and his Lecture were admired by a people remarkable for their humour, but more particularly for their hospitality, for which he has paid them so many compliments in his Songs. His Lecture, in the course of a few years, produced him near 10,000*l.* the greatest part of which melted from his hands before his death.

Novelty, it must be confessed, in a great measure, recommended Mr. Stevens's undertaking. He is the first instance that can be produced, of one man, by his writing and reciting, entertaining an audience for the space of four hours. The intrinsic merit of his composition, indeed, rendered

novelty of some duration. Many productions of a similar nature have been offered to the public by the imitators of our Lecturer, but with little or no success. Mr. Dibdin, indeed, by the excellence of his Songs and music, has been Mr. Stevens's most fortunate successor. The *Lecture on Heads*, however, like a good play, can always afford entertainment, in the closet; but the puerility of similar undertakings renders them scarcely tolerable during recitation.

As Mr. Stevens was the inventor of this species of entertainment, it may naturally be inquired by what means it was suggested to him. The first idea of his Lecture, we understand, he got at a village where he was manager of a company, and where he met with a country mechanic, who described the members of the corporation with great force and humour. Upon this idea Stevens improved, and was assisted in making the heads by his friend, who little imagined what a source of profit he had established.

After the Lecture on Heads had apparently been repeated often enough to lose some of its effect, he composed another entertainment of the like kind, called "The Supplement; being a New Lecture upon Heads, Portraits, and Whole Lengths." It began in February, 1766, but notwithstanding the Lecturer's acknowledged reputation, it was coldly received, and ended with six nights' performance. It was tried again the next year, but

with little more success, being repeated only seven nights. It is natural to suppose that the author had exhausted his fancy on the subject; indeed it is a general remark that the *Second* Part of any dramatic composition is very inferior to the *First*.

By means of the money Mr. Stevens had acquired by his Lecture, he now abandoned the drudgery of literature, till January, 1770, when he produced a burletta, called, "The Court of Alexander," set by Dr Fisher, which proved no addition of fame to either author or composer. In 1773, he brought out "The Trip to Portsmouth," a comic sketch, at the Haymarket, in which he performed, for the last time, himself. This piece consisted of a few detached pieces, begun and finished in five days. After this he repeated his Lecture on Heads, both in London, and several other places; but finding his faculties impaired, he sold his property in the work to the late Mr. Lee Lewis. Several able performers have since attempted this dramatic extravaganza, but have all failed in creating that general laugh which the original speaker never failed to excite; much, however, must be attributed to the first impression; doubtless Mr. Stevens's successors made their essays while the author's exhibition was fresh upon the minds of the people. Many, however, who never saw the original, have been highly entertained by the late Messrs. Lee Lewis and Palmer.

With respect to the exit of this extraordinary

character, who had often "kept the table in a roar," we are sorry to observe, it was his misfortune that his mind and body did not keep pace with each other in their decay. He sunk by degrees into a state of all others the most distressing to those who have any connexion, either of friendship or consanguinity, with a person so unhappily circumstanced. He retained his bodily faculties after his mind had lost its powers, and exhibited a miserable spectacle of idiotism and fatuity. At length, after several years remaining in this condition, he died at Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, September 6, 1784.

Besides the pieces and Songs already noticed, Mr. Stevens was the author of several poems and fragments, many of which he never published. He produced the first book of a poem called "The Birthday of Folly," in imitation of the Dunciad, but proceeded in his design no farther.

A

LECTURE ON HEADS;

Originally written by

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS,

Afterwards improved by

MR. FREDERIC PILON,

AND

NOW ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIME.

LECTURE ON HEADS.

Introduction.[*]

EVERY single speaker, who, like me, attempts to entertain an audience, has not only the censure of that assembly to dread, but also every part of his own behaviour to fear. The smallest error of voice,

---

[*] This introductory matter was added by Mr. Pilon. Mr. Stevens, the author, when he first delivered this Lecture at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket (1772), spoke a prologue, wherein, after some pertinent remarks on two or three characters in the Lecture, he concluded with these lines:

"In ridicule, that exhibition see
As rich in raree-show as repartee,
Where wit squeaks round the room, 'Do you know me?'"

(The curtain then drew up, and discovered a variety of heads, differently ornamented, and in motion, repeating "*Do you know me?*")

"Like heads of corn, in autumn's plenteous fields,
Von crop of heads dame Fashion's harvest yields;
From hints like these I formed my lecturing plan,
And strove to mark the mimicries of man.

If you find aught absurd in the deed or design,
Of all heads to be seen here, the wrong head is mine.

judgment, or delivery, will be noted: "All that can be presumed upon in his favour is, *a hope*—that he may meet with that indulgence, which an English audience are so remarkable *for*, and that every exhibition stands so much in need *of*."

This method of lecturing is a very ancient custom; Juno the wife of Jupiter, being the first who gave her husband a lecture, and, from the place wherein that oration was supposed to have been delivered, they have always since that time been called *curtain lectures*.

But, before I presume to meddle with other people's heads, it may be proper to say something upon my own, if upon my own any thing could be said to the purpose: but, after many experiments, finding I could not make any thing of my own, I have taken the liberty to try what I could do, by exhibiting a collection of heads belonging to other people. But here is a head* [*shows Stevens's head*] I confess I have

---

In behalf of that head I put in my petition,
That you'll please to accept this droll exhibition.
I hope your attention will honor my story,
And the whim of this night may find favor before ye."

When the late Mr. Lee Lewis delivered this Lecture at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (1780), it was preceded by a prologue, written by Mr. Pilon, which boasted of very little merit. The same gentleman afterwards, and the late Mr. Palmer, at the Royalty Theatre, (1788-9), gave no other introductory matter than the above, which was certainly sufficient.

The original lecturer and author, (Mr. Stevens), on commencing the entertainment, stood behind a long table covered with green cloth, resembling a counter, (on the front of which was this motto, *As you like it*). Two screens placed behind, obliquely, formed his ambuscade, from whence he took up the *heads* as he wanted them. He then began with his introductory apology, "Before I presume to meddle," &c.

* This is a compliment paid to the original lecturer by Mr. Pilon. The author of The Flitch of Bacon, &c. *who wrote* "Critical Observations on Mr. Stevens's *Lecture upon Heads*," (a production which was after-

more than once wished on my own shoulders; but I fear my poor abilities will bring a blush on its cheeks. In this head Genius erected a temple to Originality, where Fancy and Observation resided; and from their union sprang this numerous and whimsical progeny. This is the head of George Alexander Stevens, long known, and long respected; a man universally acknowledged of infinite wit and most excellent fancy; one who gave peculiar grace to the jest, and could set the table on a roar with flashes of merriment: but wit and humour were not his only excellencies; he possessed a keenness of satire, that made folly hide her head in the highest places, and vice tremble in the bosoms of the great; but, blessed with that affluence which genius and prudence are sure to acquire in England, the liberal patroness of the fine arts, he afterwards enjoyed that ease his talents had earned, whilst Fame, like an evening sun, gilded the winter of his life with mild, but cheerful beams. With respect, but honest ambition, I have undertaken to fill his place, and hope my attention and zeal to please will speak in behalf of conscious inferiority.

Definition of a Head.

A HEAD, to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere bulbous excrescence, growing out from between the shoulders like a wen; it is supposed to be a mere expletive, just to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, to take snuff with, or have your hair dressed upon.

Some of these heads are manufactured in *wood*, some in *paste-board*, which is a hint to show there may not only be *block-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*.

Physicians acquaint us that, upon any fright or alarm, the spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood

---

wards suppressed), represents the then lecturer as one who did not *give peculiar grace to the jest*. "He enters, (says this critic of that day), the right hand door abruptly and awkwardly, and delivers this *petit* piece of his own, not destitute of wit and humour, but which suffers greatly by his voice and action."—The best actors indeed, even Garrick, have been censured by the hypercritics of their days.

rushes violently back to the *heart*. Hence it is, politicians compare the human constitution and the nation's constitution together: they supposing the head to be the *court* end of the town, and the heart the *country;* for people in the country seem to be taking things to heart, and people at court only seem to wish to be at the head of things.

We make a mighty bustle about the twenty-four letters; how many changes they can ring, and how many volumes they have composed; yet, let us look upon the many millions of mankind, and see if any two faces are alike. Nature never designed several faces which we see; it is the odd exercise they give the muscles belonging to their visages occasions such looks: As for example; we meet in the streets with several people talking to themselves, and seem much pleased with such self conversation; [*here take them off*]. Some people we see staring at every thing, and wondering with a foolish face of praise [*make a face here*]; some laughing, some crying. Now crying and laughing are contrary effects; the least alteration of features occasions the difference: it is turning *up* the muscles to laugh, [*do so here*] and *down* to cry.

Yet laughter is much mistaken, no person being capable of laughing who is incapable of thinking. For some people suddenly break out into violent spasms, ha, ha, ha! and then, without any gradation, change at once into downright stupidity; as for example, [*here shows the example*].

In speaking about faces, we shall now exhibit a bold face. [*Shows the head.*]

Sir Whisky Whiffle.

This is Sir Whisky Whiffle: he is one of those mincing, tittering, tip-toe, tripping animalculæ of the times, that flutter about fine women like flies in a flower garden; as harmless and as constant as their shadows, they dangle by the side of beauty, like part of their watch equipage, as glittering, as light, and as useless. And the ladies suffer such things about them, as they wear soufflee gauze, not as things of value, but merely to make a show with; they never say any thing to the purpose, but with this in their hands [*take up an eye-glass*], they stare at ladies, as if they were a jury of astronomers, executing a writ of *Inquiry upon some* beautiful planet: they imagine

themselves possessed of the power of a rattle-snake, who can, as it is said, fascinate by a look; and that every fine woman must, at first sight, fall into their arms.—"Ha! who's that, Jack? she's a devilish fine woman, 'pon honour, an immensely lovely creature: who is she? She must be one of us; she must be come-atable, 'pon honour." "No, sir," replies a stranger, that overheard him, "she's a lady of strict virtue."—"Is she so? I'll look at her again—ay, ay, she may be a lady of strict virtue, for now I look at her again, there is something devilish ungenteel about her."

Knowing Heads.

WIGS * as well as *books*, are furniture for the head, and both *wigs* and *books* are sometimes equally voluminous. We may therefore suppose this wig [*above a large wig*] to be a huge quarto in large paper; this is a duodecimo in small print [*takes the knowing head*], and this a jockey's head sweated down to ride a sweepstakes. [*Takes the jockey's head.*] Now a jockey's head and a horse's head have great affinity, for the jockey's head can pull the horse's head on which side of the post the rider pleases: but what sort of heads must those people have, who know such things are done, and will trust such sinking funds with their capitals. These are a couple of heads, which in the Sportsman's Calendar are called a brace of knowing ones, and as a great many people about London affect to be thought knowing ones, they dress themselves in these fashions,

* Here it is where Mr. Stevens's lecture originally began. The preceding character of Sir Whisky Whiffle is written by Mr. Pilon, or rather is Mr. Stevens's head of Sir Dimple Daisy improved.

"Here is a head to which no *heart of oak* belongs. 'Tis the head of one of the *Insipids;* he is called Sir Dimple Daisy, and these curls are called *love's lapwings*. These delicate insensibles are to be met with at all public places of entertainment—a set of well-dressed *dawdling insignificancies*, possessing neither sympathies nor antipathies,' &c.

Mr. Stevens also gave a head in *high taste*, one of the family of the *Finicals*, which was so strongly allied to the above, that his successors have with great propriety omitted it.

as if it could add to the dignity of a head to show they have taken their degrees from students in the stable, up to the master's of arts upon a coach-box. [*Gives the two heads off, and takes the book-case.*]

Wooden Heads.

The phrase of wooden-heads is no longer paradoxical, some people fit up wooden studies, cabinet-makers become book-makers, and a man may show a parade of much reading by only the assistance of a timber-merchant. A student in the Temple may be furnished with a collection of law books cut from a *whipping-post;* physical dictionaries may be had in *Jesuit's bark;* a treatise upon duels in *touchwood;* the history of Opposition in *worm-wood;* Shakespear's works in cedar, his commentators' in *rotten-wood;* the reviewers in *birch;* and the history of England in *heart* of *oak.*

Mankind now make use of substitutes in more things than book making and militia men; some husbands are apt to substitute inferior women to their own ladies, like the idiot, who exchanged a brilliant for a piece of broken looking-glass:—of such husbands we can only say, they have borrowed their education from these libraries, and have very wooden, very wooden heads indeed. [*Gives it off.*]

A Foolish Head.

Here's a head full charged for *fun* [*takes the head*], a comical half-foolish face, what a great many upon the stage can put on, and what a great many people, not upon the stage, can't put off. This man always laughed at what he said himself, and he imagined a man of wit must always be upon the broad grin: and whenever he was in company, he was always teasing some one to be merry, saying, *Now you, Muster what do you call'em? do now say something to make us all laugh; come now do be comical a little.* But if there is no other person will speak, he will threaten to *tell you a story to make you die with laughing,* and he will assure you, *it is the most bestest and most comicallest story that ever you heard in all your born days;* and he always interlards his narration with, *so as I was a saying, says I, and so as* he *was a saying, says* he; *so says he to me, and I to him,* and he to me again;—

did you ever hear any thing more comical in all your born days? But after he had concluded his narration, not finding any person even to smile at wh_t he said, struck with the disappointment, he puts on a sad face himself, and looking round upon the company, he says, *It was a good story when I heard it too: why then so, and so, and so, that's all, that's all, gentlemen.* [Puts on a foolish look, and gives the head off.]

Master Jacky.

Here is Master Jacky [*takes the head*]. Mama's darling; when she was with child of him, she dreamt she was brought to bed of a pincushion. He was never suffered to look into a book, for fear of making him round-shouldered, yet he was an immense scholar for all that: his mama's woman had taught him all Hoyle by heart, and he could calculate to a single teaspoonful how much cream should be put into a codlin tart. He wears a piece of lace which seems purloined from a lady's tucker, and placed here, to show that such beings as these can make no other use of ladies favours than to expose them. Horace had certainly such a character in view by his *dulcissimæ rerum*—sweetest of all things; all essence and effeminacy; and that line of his—*Quid agis, dulcissimæ rerum?*—may be rendered, what ails you, master Jacky? As they have rivalled the ladies in the delicacy of their complexion, the ladies therefore have a right to make reprisals, and to take up that manliness which our sex seems to have cast off.

A Masculine Lady.

Here is a lady in her fashionable uniform, a m
dern Diana [*takes up the head*]; she looks as
marching at the head of a battalion, or else up bef
day to follow the hounds with spirit; while this
in bed all the morning, with his hands wrapped up
chicken gloves, his complexion covered with mil
roses, essence of May-dew, and lily of the valley wa
This does honour to creation; this disgraces it; ar
far have these things femalized themselves, by eff
nate affections, that if a lady's cap was put on
head, Master Jacky might be taken for Miss J
[*puts on a lady's cap on the head of Master Ja*
therefore grammarians can neither rank them w

culine or *feminine*, so set them down of the doubtful gender. [*Puts off the heads.*]

*The Fool's Cap.**

Among the multitude of odd characters with which this kingdom abounds, some are called generous fellows, some honest fellows, and some devilish clever fellows. Now the generous fellow is treat master; the honest fellow is toast master; and the devilish clever fellow is singing master, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; then your honest fellow is to drink them all dead afterwards. They married into Folly's family, from whom they received this crest, and which nobody chooses to be known by [*takes the fool's cap*]. This fool's cap is the greatest wanderer known; it never comes home to any body, it is often observed to belong to every body but themselves. It is odd, but the word nobody, and the term nothing, although no certain ideas can be affixed to them, are often made such use of in conversation. Philosophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing; for, from ten to twenty we go to school to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are very apt to forget: from thirty to forty we begin to settle; from forty to fifty we think away as fast as we can; from fifty to sixty we are very careful in our accounts; and from sixty to seventy we cast up what all our thinking comes to; and then, what between our losses and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike this balance [*strikes the board with cyphers*]: These are a number of nothings, they are hieroglyphics of part of human kind; for in life, as well as in arithmetic, there are a number of nothings, which, like these cyphers, mean nothing in themselves, and are totally insignificant; but by the addition of a single figure at their head, they assume rank and value in an instant. The meaning of which is, that nothing may be turned into something by the

* We are indebted to Mr. Pilon for this as well as many other additions or improvements. This gentleman *gleaned* from the superfluous matter in the original Lecture, but with so much skill as almost to *render it his own.*

single power of any one who is lord of a golden manor —[*turns the board, shows the golden one*]. But as these persons' gains come from nothing, we may suppose they will come to nothing; and happy are they who, amidst the variations of nothing, have nothing to fear; if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament; and if they have done nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for: thus concludes this dissertation upon nothing, which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed, by making nothing of it.

A London Blood, a Man of the Town, and a Woman of the Town.

This is the head of a London Blood, taken from the life [*holds the head up*].—He wears a bull's forehead for a fore-top, in commemoration of that great Blood of antiquity, called Jupiter, who turned himself into a bull to run away with Europa, and to this day Bloods are very fond of making beasts of themselves. He imagined that all mirth consisted in doing mischief, therefore he would throw a waiter out of the window, and bid him to be put into the reckoning, toss a beggar in a blanket, play at chuck with china plates, run his head against a wall, hop upon one leg for an hour together, carry a red hot poker round the room between his teeth, and say, "done first for fifty." He was quite the thing, either for kicking up a riot, or keeping it up after he had kicked it up: he was quite the thing, for one day he kicked an old woman's codlin-kettle about the streets; another time he shoved a blind horse into a china-shop—*that was damned jolly;* he was a constant customer to the round-house; a terror to modest women, and a dupe to women of the town: of which this is exhibited as a portrait [*takes the head*]. This is the head of a man of the town, or a Blood, and this of a woman of the town, or a ——; but whatever other title the lady may have, we are not entitled to take notice of it; all that we can say is, that we beg *mirth* will spare one moment to *pity;* let not delicacy be offended if we pay a short tribute of compassion to these unhappy examples of misconduct; indeed, in the gay seasons of irregular festivity, indiscretion appears thus—[*takes off that, shows the other*]: but there is her certain catastrophe; how much therefore *ought* common opinion to be despised, which

supposes the same fact that betrays female honour can add to that of a gentleman's. When a beauty is robbed, the hue and cry which is raised is never raised in her favour: deceived by ingratitude, necessity forces her to continue criminal; she is ruined by our sex, and prevented reformation by the reproaches of her own [*takes it off*]. As this is the head of a Blood going to keep it up [*takes it off*], here is the head of a Blood after he has kept it up [*shows that head*]. This is the head of a married Blood—what a pretty piece of additional furniture this is to a lady of delicacy's bedchamber. What then? It's beneath a man of spirit, with a bumper in his hand, to think of a wife that would be spoiling his sentiment: no, he is to keep it up, and to show in what manner our London Bloods do keep it up, we shall conclude the first part of this lecture by attempting a specimen—[*puts on the Blood's wig*]: "Keep it up, huzza! keep it up! I loves fun, for I made a fool of my father last April day. I will tell you what makes me laugh so: we were keeping it up, faith! so about four o'clock this morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was Will the waiter fast asleep by the kitchen fire; the dog cannot keep it up as we do: so what did I do, but I goes softly, and takes the tongs, and I takes a great red-hot coal out of the fire, as big as my head, and I plumpt it upon the fellow's foot, because I loves fun; so it has lamed the fellow, and that makes me laugh so.—You talk of your saying good things; I said one of the best things last week that ever any man said in all the world. It was what you call your *rappartees*, your *bobmates*.—I'll tell you what it was: You must know, I was in high spirits, faith! so I stole a dog from a blind man—for I do love fun! so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; so says I to the blind man, Hip, master, do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he: Now only mind what I said to the blind man; says I, Do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he: Then says I to the blind man, says I, Go, look for him.—Keep it up! keep it up!—That's the worst of it, I always turn sick when I think of a parson; I always do: and my brother he is a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear; so I always swear when I am along with him, to roast him. I went to dine with him one day last week, and there was my sisters, and two or three more of what you call your modest women; but I sent 'em *all from the* table before the dinner was half over, for

I loves fun; and so there was nobody but my brother and me, and I begun to swear; I never swore so well in all my life; I swore all my new oaths; it would have done you good to have heard me swear: so then my brother looked frightened, and that was fun. At last he laid down his knife and fork, and, lifting up his hands and his eyes, he calls out, *Oh tempora! oh mores!*—Oh, ho, brother, says I, what, you think to frighten me, by calling all your family about you; but I don't mind you nor your family neither—only bring Tempora and Mores here, that's all; I'll box them for five pounds; here—where's Tempora and Mores, where are they?—Keep it up! keep it up!"

END OF PART I.

LECTURE ON HEADS.

PART II.

THE FIVE SCIENCES;

Architecture, Painting, Poetry, Music, and Astronomy.

THIS is a small exhibition of Pictures. These pictures are placed here to show the partiality of the present times; formerly seven cities contended for the honour of having Homer for their countryman; but as soon as it was known these sciences were born in England, the whole club of connoisseurs exclaimed against them, saying it was impossible that there could be any real genius among them, our atmosphere being too thick and too heavy to nourish any fine ideas. These sciences, being found out to be mere English, were treated as impostors; for, as they had not a single some wife, nor sister, to speak for them, not one single election vote in their family, nor a shilling in their pockets to bribe the turnpike-door keeper, they could not succeed; besides, Chinese zig-zag, and Gothic imitations monopolized all premiums; and the envy of prejudice, and the folly of fashion, made a party against them. They were so weak in themselves, as to imagine the merits of their works would recommend them to the world. Poor creatures! they knew nothing of the world. Poor creatures so; for merit is the only thing in the world not recommendable. To prevent starving, Architecture hired herself as a bricklayer's labourer to a Chinese temple builder; Painting took on as a colour-grinder to a paper-stainer; Poetry turned printer's devil; Music sung ballads about the streets, and Astronomy sold almanacs. They ramble about in this manner for some time; at last, they picked up poor Wit, who lay ill of some bruises had received one masquerade night.

Death of Wit.

As poor Wit was coming down the Haymarket, just as the masquerade was breaking up, the noise of a pick-pocket was announced, upon which Buffoonery fell upon Wit, and mangled him most piteously. Invention stood Wit's friend, and helped him to make his escape to those sciences. Now it happened that night Lady Fashion had lost her lap-dog, which Wit found, and brought to these his companions, for whom Architecture built a little house; Painting made a portrait of it; Poetry made a copy of verses upon it; which Music put a tune to, and Astronomy calculated the dear creature's nativity, which so pleased Lady Fashion, that she recommended them to the house of Ostentation, but left Wit behind, because as Wit was out of taste, Fashion would not have any thing to say to it. However, some of her ladyship's upper servants invited Wit into the steward's room, and, according to the idea some folks have of Wit, they begged he'd be comical. One brought him a poker to bend over his arm; another desired he would eat a little fire for 'em before dinner; the butler requested a tune upon the musical glasses; my lady's woman desired he would tell her fortune by the cards; and the groom said, "as how, if his honour was a Wit, he could ride upon three horses at once." But before Wit could answer to any of these questions, the French governess belonging to the family came down stairs and ordered Wit to be turned out of doors, saying, "Vat vant you vid Vit, vhen you are studying a la Francoise? I'll vous assurez, I'll vous assurez, if you vill have us for your masters, you must have no Vit at all." [*The sciences taken off.*]

Poor Wit being turned out of doors, wandered about friendless, for it was never yet known that a man's wit ever gained him a friend.—He applied himself to the proprietors of the newspapers, but upon their inquiring whether he understood politics, and being totally ignorant of them, they would not employ him. He inquired after Friendship, but found Friendship was drowned at the last general election; he went to find out Hospitality, but Hospitality being invited to a turtlefeast, there was no room for Wit; he asked after Charity, but it being found that Charity was that

...could be so ungrateful.

A Connoisseur.

Here is the head of a connoisseur—[*takes the*
—Though born in this kingdom, he had travell
nough to fall in love with every thing forei
lespise every thing belonging to his own count
ept himself. He pretended to be a great ju
aintings, but only admired those done a gre
ff, and a great while ago; he could not bear an
one by any of his own countrymen, and or
ing in an auction room where there was a n
capital pictures, and among the rest an inim
ece of painting of fruits and flowers; the co
ur would not give his opinion of the picture u
d examined his catalogue, and finding it was
an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass [
eye-glass], "O sir," says he, "these Englis
s have no more idea of genius than a Dutch
has of dancing a cotillion: the dog has spo
e piece of canvas; he's worse than a Harp
n post dauber; there's no keeping, no perspe
foreground;—why there now, the fellow ha
pted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud, wh
more like a fly than I am like a— a—." But a
noisseur approached his finger to the picture
flew away.—His eyes are half-closed, this is c
wise man's wink, and shows he can see the
h half an eye; he had so wonderful a penetra
nimitable a forecast, he always could

"Now, my lord duke, I have a scheme to pay off our nation's debt without burthening the subject with a fresh tax; my scheme is as follows: I would have all the Thames water bottled up and sold for Spa water. Who'll buy it, you'll say? Why the watermen's company must buy it, or they never could work their boats any more; there's a scheme to pay off the nation's debt, without burthening the subject with a fresh tax." [*Takes the head off.*]

A Reasoner.

Here's a companion for that connoisseur; this is one of your worldly wise men, wise in his own conceit; he laughed at all modes of faith, and would have a reason given him for every thing. He disinherited his only son, because the lad could not give him a reason why a black hen laid a white egg. He was a great materialist, and thus he proved the infinity of matter. He told them, that "all round things were globular, all square things flat-sided. Now, sir, if the bottom is equal to the top, and the top equal to the bottom, and the bottom and the top are equal to the four sides, *ergo* all matter is as broad as it's long." But he had not in his head matter sufficient to prove matter efficient; being thus deficient, he knew nothing of the matter. [*Takes off the head.*]

A Freeholder's Head and an Election Picture.

We shall now exhibit a freeholder's head in a very particular state—in a state of inoculation. [*Shows the head.*]

These pieces of money are placed like doors over the senses, to open and shut just as the distributer of the medicine pleases. And here is an election picture [*shows it*], all hands are catching at this, 'tis an interpretation of that famous sentiment "May we have in our arms those we love in our hearts." Now the day of election was called madmen's holiday, but with us it is the golden day of liberty, which every voter, on that day, takes to market, and is his own salesman; for man at that time being considered as a mere machine, is acted upon as machines are, and to make his wheels move properly, he is properly greased in the fist. [*Gives off the picture.*]—Every freeholder en-

joys his portion of septennial insanity: he'll eat and drink with every body without paying for it, because he's bold and free; then he'll knock down every body who won't say as he says, to prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preserve the liberty of Old England for ever, huzza! [*Gives off the head.*]

Origin of presents at General Elections.

The first contested election happened between the three goddesses upon Mount Ida, whose names were Juno, Minerva, and Venus; when Paris was the returning officer, who decreed in favour of Venus, by presenting her with the golden apple [*takes up the money*].—Juno, on her approaching Paris, told him, that though it was beneath her dignity to converse with a mortal, yet, if he would be her friend, she would make him a nabob. Minerva told him how that learning was better than house and land, and if he would be her friend, she would teach him *propria quæ maribus*. But Venus, who thought it would be wasting time to make use of words, gave him such a look as put her in the possession of the golden apple. The queen of beauty, out of gratitude to Paris, who had so well managed the election for her, made him a present of several slices of that golden pippin; and in commemoration of that event, such slices have been made use of as presents, at all other general elections: they have a sympathy, like that which happens to electrical wires—let a hundred hold them in their hands, their sensations will be the same; but they differ from electricity in one essential point, which is, that though the touch be ever so great, it never shocks people.

Six Antique Medals. *

Here are six antique medals [*shows six little paintings*] called Esteem, Friendship, Generosity, Com-

* In lieu of this, Mr. Pilon introduced the heads of a Female President and a Male President; but as debating societies are now no longer in vogue, we think it better to adhere to the original, altering such parts as were most objectionable.

mon Sense, Gratitude, and Public Spirit. They are of English manufacture, and, some time ago, passed current in this country. But they had been so strangely counterfeited, that *nobody* at last would have anything to do with them; so they were ordered to be sent to the workhouse, where they could have *nobody* to take care of them. But so great was the rage of party, that they were refused admittance into the workhouse, because they all said they were foreigners. Report carried an account of their situation to a public-house, where several characters were regaling themselves; and Sympathy, who had but a poor solitary half-crown in his pocket, generously proposed a subscription for them. The first that spoke on the occasion was a parish clerk, who observed, that if a man paid his debts, he had no occasion for *friendship*, and if he did not, where could he find a friend to pay them for him? Why, no where —therefore Friendship was but a counterfeit. The next speaker, having previously dipped into a full tankard of porter, said, that he—he—humbly per—sumed —that if he—and as how—because—and so mayhap—and perhaps, barring accidents—no one was certain sure of his opinion. However, as to Generosity, it was only fit for such folks at an election time:—and as for —as for your Gratitude, why he supposed that was in fashion when Do-as-you'd-be-done-by was made member of parliament. And as for Public Spirit, that was a licence to sell spirituous liquors;—and as for Esteem, why, some people esteemed rum punch, and others brandy punch, but poor people should have no punch at all, and therefore Esteem had nothing to do in the workhouse, or with them;—and as for Common Sense, it was too common, and too *vulgar*, for gemmen to trouble their heads about; and as the beadle had, t'other day, taken up a strolling beggar called Common Honesty, he thought that both Common Sense and Common Honesty should be put into the same cart, and sent to Bridewell, because he did not believe they could prove a settlement any where. Upon this Mr. Latitat, a pettifogging attorney, observed, that as to Friend—ship, I must beg leave to demur, because Friendship was what the law had nothing to do with. I never knew an action brought upon Friendship, there was no such practice in the courts of law now-a-days. Were Friendship to be encouraged, it would, sooner or later, repeal *habeas corpus*, and therefore I make a motion—*and so he did*, for he put the tankard to his

lips, while an old schoolmaster finished the debate.—Friendship, said he, is nothing but an outlandish lingo. A man who has money can *decline* it—Friendship *governs* no one—therefore the *case* is this—we are all of the *positive degree*, and will subscribe nothing. The landlord now informed the gentlemen, that a conjuror was waiting below, to divert them with some sleight of hand tricks. The conjuror was therefore ordered up, and poor Friendship and his companions were entirely forgotten.

Novelty is the master passion—nothing goes down without it, and nothing so gross, so absurd, that it will not make palatable. The art, therefore, of insuring success, is to hit upon something new, no matter what it is.

Jonas, the conjuring Jew.

Among the many heads that have played upon the passions of the public, this is one [*takes the head*] that did cut a capital figure in that way. This is the head of Jonas, or the card-playing conjuring Jew; he could make matadores with a snap of his fingers, command the four aces with a whistle, and get odd tricks—but there are a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he is so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months practice, with these pasteboard pages [*takes the cards*], can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of *presto, passa, largo, mento, cocolorum, yaw*, like this Jonas.—The moment he comes into company and takes up a pack of cards, he begins, "I am no common sleight of hand man; the common sleight of hand men they turn up the things up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes.—Now, sir, you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards; you look at the card at this side, you look at the card at that side, and I say blow the blast; the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw: and now, sir, I will do it once more over again, *to see whether* my fingers can once more deceive your

eyes; I'll give any man ten thousand pounds if he do the like. You look at the card on this side, you look at the card on that side, when I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw." But this conjuror at length discovered that most practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know as many tricks as himself, and finding his *sleights* of *hand* turned to little or *no account*, now practices on *notes of hand* by *discount*, and is to be found every morning at twelve in Duke's-place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at two at the Bank coffee-house, up to his elbows in money, where these locusts of society, over a dish of coffee and the book of interest, supply the temporary wants of necessitous men, and are sure to out-wit'em, had they even the cunning of a—Fox.

A Foreign Adventurer.

Here is the head of another fashionable foreigner [*shows the head*], a very simple machine; for he goes upon one spring, self-interest. This head may be compared to a *disoblexeance;* for there is but one seat in it, and that is not the seat of understanding: yet it is wonderful how much more rapidly this will move in the high-road of preferment than one of your thinking, feeling, complex English heads, in which honour, integrity, and reason, make such a pother that no step can be taken without consulting them. This head, if I may be allowed to speak with an Irish accent, was a long time boasting of his *feats;* but the last *fete* he attempted his *defeat*, for, in springing too high, he got such a fall as would disgrace an Englishman for ever, and which none but a foreigner's head could recover.

Is it not a pity that foreigners should be admitted familiarly into the houses of the great, while Englishmen, of real merit, shall be thrust from their doors with contempt? An instance of which happened in the following picture.—[*The picture brought, and he goes before it.*]—Here is

An Opera Dancer or Singer,

Maintained by us in all the luxury of extravagance; and in the back-ground a maimed soldier and sailor, who were asking alms, and thrown down by the insolence of the opera singer's chairman; yet the sailor *lost his arm* with the gallant Nelson, and the soldier

left his leg on the plains of Egypt. Instead of paying a guinea to see a man stand *on one leg*, would it not be better employed to give it to a man who *had but one leg to stand on?* But while these dear creatures condescend to come over here, to sing to us for the trifling sum of fifteen hundred or two thousand guineas yearly; in return for such their condescension, we cannot do too much for them, and that is the reason why we do so little for our own people. This is the way we reward those who only bring folly into the country, and the other is the way, and the only way, with which we reward our deliverers.—[*The picture taken off.*]—Among the number of exotics calculated for this evening's entertainment, the head of an opera composer, or burletta projector, should have been exhibited, could I have been lucky enough to hit upon any droll visage for that exhibition; but, after many experiments, I was at last convinced, that no head for that representation could be so truly ridiculous as my own, if this assembly do me the honour to accept it. [*Takes up the music-frame and book.*]

Suppose me for once a burletta projector,
Who attempts a mock musical scrap of a lecture;
Suppose this thing a harpsichord or a spinnet;
We must suppose so, else there's nothing in it;
And thus I begin, though a stranger to graces.
Those deficiencies must be supplied by grimaces;
And the want of wit made up by making of faces.
[*Changes wigs and sits down.*]

Come, Carro, come, attend affetuoso,
English be dumb, your language is but so so;
Adagio is piano, allegro must be forte,
Go wash my neck and sleeves, because this shirt is dirty;
Mon charmant, prenez guarda,
Mind what your signior begs,
Ven you wash, don't scrub so harda,
You may rub my shirt to rags.
Vile you make the water hotter,
Uno solo I compose.
Put in the pot the nice sheep's trotter,
And de little petty toes;
De petty toes are little feet,
De little feet not big:
Great feet belong to the grunting hog,

etty toes to de little pig.
aughter dear, carissima anima mea,
he kittle, make me some green tea a.
ella dolce sogno,
de tea, cream, and sugar bono,
a little slice
read and butter nice.
avo bread, and butter
issimo——imo.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRES

[*Two Ladies' Heads on the table.*]

IN spite of all the sneers, prints, and paragrap
have been published, to render the ladies' head-
ridiculous, sure when fancy prompts a fine wo
lead the fashion, how can any man be so Hotte
as to find fault with it? I hope, here, to be ac
from any design of rendering the ladies ridic
all I aim at is to amuse. Here is a rich dresse
without elegance.—Here is an elegant dresse
without riches; for riches can no more give
than they can beget understanding. A multipli
ornaments may load the wearer, but can never
guish the gentlewoman.—[*Gives off the delicate*
This is a representation of those misled ladies,
families have gained great fortunes by trade, b
be ashamed of the industry of their ancestor
turn up their nose at every thing mechanic
call it *vulgar*. They are continually thrusting
selves among the nobility, to have it said, the
quality company; and for that empty qualificat
pose themselves to all the tortures of ill-treat
because it is a frolic for persons of rank to n
such their imitators.—This is vanity without h
and dignity at second hand, and shows that ladi
so far entangle the line of beauty, by not ha
properly unwound for them, till they are lost i
byrinth of fashionable intricacies.—[*Gives the h*
Takes the head of Cleopatra.]—Here is a real an
this is the head of that famous demirep of anti
called Cleopatra. This is the way the ladies o
quity used to dress their heads in a morning.
the head off.] And this is the way the ladies at p
dress their heads in a morning [*takes the hea*
lady In this dress seems hooded like a hawk,

blister on each cheek, for the tooth-ache. One would imagine this fashion had been invented by some surly duenna, or ill-natured guardian, on purpose to prevent ladies turning to one side or the other; and that may be the reason why now, every young gentlewoman chooses to look forward. As the world is round, every thing turns round along with it; no wonder there should be such revolutions to ladies' head-dresses. This was in fashion two or three years past, this is the fashion of last year [*takes a head up*]; and this the morning head-dress [*takes the head*] of this present anno Domini—these are the winkers, and these are the blinkers; but as the foibles of the ladies ought to be treated with the utmost delicacy, all we can say of these three heads, thus hoodwinked, is, that they are emblems of the three Graces, who, thus muffled, have a mind to play at blindman's buff together. [*Gives the heads off.*]

An Old Maid and an Old Bachelor.

We shall now exhibit the head of an old maid [*takes the head*]; this is called antiquated virginity: it is a period when elderly unmarried ladies are supposed to be bearing apes about in leading-strings, as a punishment, because when those elderly unmarried ladies were young and beautiful, they made monkies of mankind Old maids are supposed to be ill-natured and crabbed, as wine kept too long on the lees will turn to vinegar. Not to be partial to either sex [*takes the head up*], as a companion to the old maid, here is the head of an old bachelor; these old bachelors are mere bullies, they are perpetually abusing matrimony, without ever daring to accept of the challenge. Whenever they are in company, they are ever exclaiming against hen-pecked husbands, saying, if they were married, their wives should never go any where without asking their lords' and masters' leave; and if they were married the children should never cry, nor the servants commit a fault—they'd set the house to rights—they would do every thing; but the lion-like talkers abroad, are mere bas-lambs at home, being generally dupes and slaves to some termagant mistress, against whose imperiousness they dare not open their lips, but are frightened even if she frown. Old bachelors, in this, resemble your pretenders to atheism, who make a

"Come, my dear, [illegible]
your handkerchief for you; [illegible]

"How can you, lovely Nancy,"
[*La*

How droll, to hear the dotards aping
And talk of love's delights without a
[*Gives i*

Female Orators.

It is something odd that ladies shal
charms all abroad in this manner, [*takes i*
the next day, perhaps, a gipsy hat shall
heads like an extinguisher [*puts a hat ove*
a hat in high taste at the upper end of t'
this [*takes the head*] a bonnet in high tas
end of the town: not more different are th
in their dresses than they are in their m
versation; this makes use of a delicate d
thought polite pronunciation to say, ins
ca'ant; must not, *ma'ant;* shall not,
clipping of letters would be extremely
the current coin of conversation, did
dames make ample amends, by adding
syllables; when they talk of *breakfaste*
and running their heads against the p
the wild *beasteesses*. These female or
at the bar of Billingsgate, have a pe
pressing themselves, which, however
[illegible] to more civilised ears, is exact
[illegible] oratory; the diff

The Debate Reporter.

Ancient oratory is the knack of putting *words*, not *things*, together; for speech-makers now are estimated, not by the merit, but by the length of their harangues; they are minuted as we do galloping horses, and their goodness rated according as they hold out against time. For example, a gentleman lately coming into a coffee-house, and expressing himself highly pleased with some debates which he had just then heard, one of his acquaintance begged the favour he would tell the company what the debates were about.

"About, sir?—Yes, sir.—About,—what were they debating about? Why they were about five hours long."—"But what did they say, sir?"—"What did they say, sir? Why one man said every thing; he was up two hours, three quarters, nineteen seconds, and five-eighths, by my watch, which is the best stop-watch in England: so if I don't know what he said, who should? For I had my eye upon my watch all the time he was speaking."—"Which side was he of?"—"Which side was he of?—Why, he was of my side, I stood close by him all the time."

The Groaners and Grinners.

Here are the busts of two ancient laughing and crying philosophers, or orators [*takes the two heads up.*] These in their lifetimes were heads of two powerful factions, called the Groaners and the Grinners, [*holds one head in each hand;*] this, Don Dismal's faction, is a representation of that discontented part of mankind, who are always railing at the times, and the world, and the people of the world. This is a good-natured fellow, that made the best of every thing; and this Don Dismal would attack his brother—"Oh brother! brother! brother! what will this world come to?"—"The same place it set out from this day twelvemonth."—"When will the nation's debt be paid off."—"Will you pass your word for it?" "These are very slippery times—very slippery times." "They are always so in frosty weather." "What 's become of our liberty, where shall we find liberty?" "In Ireland to be sure." "I can't bear to see such

times." "Shut your eyes, then." [*Gives the heads off.*]

*Ladies' Wigs.**

Formerly our fair countrywomen boasted of large hoops, long waists, and high head-dresses; but behold them now, *sans* hoops, *sans* waists, and *sans* tetes. Ladies of former times were overloaded with dress—ladies of the present day have very little covering. In one thing, however, the ancient and modern female heads agree—false hair: [*shows two heads*] this ancient lady has a tete of horse-hair, [*takes it off*] and this modern lady wears—a wig [*takes it off.*]

Now, as all fashions descend to our inferiors, a servant maid, as soon as she received her quarter's wages, purchased a wig from an old Jew; but before she had finished at her garret dressing-table, a knock at the door induced her to look out of the window to see who the bold intruder was—unfortunately the wind was high—and she no sooner popped her head out than the wig flew off, to the no small entertainment of all the passers by, and her new-purchased finery having been picked up by a shoe-cleaner, was afterwards made use of in wiping her master's boots.

A young female Quaker, and remarks on artificial Complexions.

Horace, in describing a fine woman, makes use of two Latin words which are, *simplex munditiis.* Now these two words cannot be properly translated; their best interpretation is that of a young female quaker [*takes the head*]: such is the effect of native neatness; here is no bundle of hair to set her off, no jewels to adorn her, nor artificial complexion. Yet there is a certain odium which satire has dared to charge our English ladies with, which is plastering their features with white-wash, or rubbing rouge or red, upon their faces [*gives the head off*]; women of the town

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* Mr. Pilon's addition here, being upon ladies' tetes now out of fashion, we have endeavoured to substitute something more applicable to the present *times.*

may lay on red, because, like pirates, the dexterity of their profession consists in their engaging under false colours; but for the delicate, the inculpable part of the sex to vermilion their faces, seems as if ladies would fish for lovers as men bait for mackarel, by hanging something red upon the hook; or that they imagined men to be of the bull, or turkey-cock kind, that would fly at anything scarlet [*takes the head off*]. But such practitioners should remember that their faces are the works of their Creator:—if bad, how dare they mend it?—if good, why mend it? Are they ashamed of his work, and proud of their own? If any such there be, let them lay by the art, and blush not to appear *that* he blushes not to have made them.

The Girdle of Good Temper a preservative to Beauty.

If any lady should be offended with the lecturer's daring to take such liberties with her sex, by way of atonement for that part of my behaviour which may appear culpable, I humbly beg leave to offer a nostrum, or recipe, to preserve the ladies' faces in perpetual bloom, and defend beauty from all assaults of time; and I dare venture to affirm, not all the paints, pomatums, or washes, can be of so much service to make the ladies look lovely, as the application of this —[*shows the girdle of good temper*]—let but the ladies wear this noble order, and they never will be angry with me; this is the grand secret of attraction, this is the girdle of Venus, which Juno borrowed to make herself appear lovely to her husband Jupiter; and what is here humbly recommended to all married folks of every denomination; and to them I appeal, whether husband or wife, wife or husband, do not alternately wish each other would wear this girdle? But here lies the mistake, while the husband *begs* his wife, the wife *insists* upon the husband's putting it on; in the contention the girdle drops down between them, and neither of them will condescend to stoop first to take it up—[*lays down the girdle*]—*Bear* and *forbear*, *give* and *forgive*, are the four chariot wheels that carry Love to heaven: *Peace*, *Loveliness*, *Fervency*, and *Taste* are the four radiant horses that draw it. Many people have been all their lifetime making this chariot, without ever being able to put *one wheel to it*; their horses have most of

them got the string-halt, and that is the reason why married people now-a-days walk a foot to the Elysian Fields. Many a couple who live in splendour think they keep the only carriage that can convey them to happiness, but their vehicle is too often the *post-coach* of ruin; the horses that draw it, are *Vanity*, *Insolence*, *Luxury*, and *Credit*; the footmen who ride behind it are, *Pride*, *Lust*, *Tyranny*, and *Oppression*; the servants out of livery, that wait at table, are *Folly* and *Wantonness*; then *Sickness* and *Death* take away. Were ladies once to see themselves in an ill temper, I question if ever again they would choose to appear in such a character.

Matrimonial Pictures.

Here is a lady [*takes up the picture*] in her true tranquil state of mind, in that amiableness of disposition which makes foreigners declare, that an English lady, when she chooses to be in temper, and chooses to be herself, is the most lovely figure in the universe; and on the reverse of this medallion is the same lady, when she chooses *not* to be in temper, and *not* to be herself [*turns the picture*]. This face is put on when she is disappointed of her masquerade habit, when she has lost a *sans prendre*, when her lap-dog's foot is trod upon, or when her husband has dared to contradict her. Some married ladies may have great cause of complaint against their husbands' irregularities; but is this a face to make those husbands better? Surely no—it is *only* by such looks as these [*turns the picture*] they are to be won; and may the ladies hereafter only wear such looks, and may this never more be known—[*turns the picture*]—only as a picture taken out of Æsop's fables. [*Gives off the picture*].

May each married lady preserve her good man,
And young ones get good ones as fast as they can.

It is very remarkable there should be such a plentiful harvest of courtship before marriage, and generally such a famine afterwards.

Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round, and sweet-hearting, a sun-shine holiday in summer time. But when once through matrimony's *turnpike*, the weather becomes wintry, and some hus

bands are seised with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty have given this name [*shows the girdle of indifference*]. Courtship is Matrimony's running footman, but seldom stays to see the stocking thrown; it is too often carried away by the two grand preservatives of matrimonial friendship, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is also another distemper very mortal to the honey-moon, it is what the ladies are sometimes seised with, and the college of physicians call it by this title—[*shows the girdle of the sullens*]. This distemper generally arises from some ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady has been hurt; who then leaning on her elbow upon the breakfast-table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, her feet beating tattoo time:—the husband in the meanwhile biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the devil. At last he abruptly demands of her,

"What 's the matter with you, madam?"

The lady mildly replies, "Nothing."

"What is it you do mean, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What would you make me, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What is it I have done to you, madam?"

"O—h—nothing."

And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast:—the lady very innocently observed, "She believed the tea was made with Thames water." The husband, in mere contradiction, insisted upon it, that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

From a scene of matrimonial tumult, here is one of matrimonial tranquillity. [*Matrimonial picture brought on, and you go forward*]. Here is an after-dinner wedlock *tete-a-tete*, a mere matrimonial *vis-a-vis*; the husband in a yawning state of dissipation, and the lady in almost the same drowsy attitude, called a nothing-to-doishness. If an unexpected visitor should happen to break in upon their solitude, the lady, in her apology, declares that "she is horribly chagrined, and most immensely out of countenance, to be caught in such a dishabille: but, upon honour, she did not mind how her clothes were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home *but* her husband."

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

THE LAW.

WE shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi*, *considerando*, *considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand them. Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a *woman* happens accidentally to be slain, *then* the verdict is always brought in *man*-slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate:—now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first, is the *beginning*, or *insipiendum*; the second, the *uncertainty*, or *dubitendum*; the third, *delay*, or *puzzlendum*; fourthly, *replication* without *endum*; and, fifthly, *monstrum* and *horrendum*.

Daniel versus *Dishclout*.

All which are exemplified in the following case, *Daniel* against *Dishclout*. Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid, and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your Lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your Lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking quite foreign to the purpose, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand. I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client

being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan, therefore he made an attempt on the *sop* with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in Broughton's Reports, *Slack* versus *Smallwood*, it is said, that *primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus est provokus*; now, who gave the *primus strocus*? Who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there, yet, my lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan."

The next counsel on the same side began with, "My lord, he who makes use of many words, to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man besides himself, as Dr. *Bibibus* declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplex*, or a double man; not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he *should not* be, de *fecto* he, but is as he *should not* be, de *fecto tipse* he."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the *t* of his wig about emphatically. He began wi "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I hum do conceive, I have the authority to declare, th am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefo my lord, I shall not flourish away in words; w are no more than filagree works. Some people think them an embellishment, but to me it is a ter of astonishment, how any one can be so in nent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, m this is not to be looked at through the med right and wrong; for the law knows no mediu right and wrong are but its shadows. Now first place, they have called a kitchen my chi *mises*; *a kitchen* is not a warehouse, nor

house, a brewhouse, nor a bakehouse, an inn-house, nor an outhouse, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, it is absolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum sauce pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, dressero, coalhole, stovis, smoak jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plumpudding mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calve's head hashibus, cum calipee et calepashibus.*

"But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid Now, my lord, we shall take it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new* trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do; for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.

Nobody, Anybody, Somebody, and Everybody.

By all the laws of laughing, every man is at liberty to play the fool with himself; but some people, fearful it would take from their consequence, choose to do it by proxy; hence comes the appearance of keepful fools in great families, [*takes the head;*] thus are they dressed, and show by this party-coloured garment, they are related to all the wise families in the kingdom. This is a fool's-cap, 'tis put upon Nobody's head; Nobody's face is without features, because we could not put Anybody's face upon Nobody's head. This is the head of Somebody [*takes the head,*] it has two faces, for Somebody is supposed to carry two faces; one of these faces is handsome, the other rather ill-favoured: the handsome face is exhibited as a hint to that part of mankind who are always whispering among their acquaintance, how well they are with Somebody, and that Somebody is a very fine woman. One of those boasters of beauty, one night at a tavern, relating his amazing amours, the toast-master called him to order, and a gentleman, in a frolic, instead of naming any living lady for his toast, gave the Greek name of the tragic muse, Melpomene; upon which this boaster of beauty, the moment he heard the word

Melpomene, addresses the toast-master, "Oh! ho! Mr. Toast-master, you are going a round of demireps.—Ay, ay, Moll Pomone, I remember her very well, she was a very fine girl, and so was her sister, Bet Pomone; I had 'em both at a certain house, you know where." Can we help smiling at the partiality of the present times—that a man should be transported if he snare a hare, or net a partridge, and yet there is no punishment for those *whisperers* away of ladies' reputations? But ill tongues would fall hurtless, were there no believers to give them credit, as robbers could not continue to pilfer, were there no receivers of stolen goods. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Anybody, with his eyes closed, his mouth shut, and his ears stopped, and this is exhibited as an emblem of wisdom; and Anybody may become wise, if they will not spy into the faults of others, tell tales of others, nor listen to the tales of others, but mind their own business, and be satisfied. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Everybody, [*turns the head round;*] this is to show how people dread popular clamour, or what all the world will say, or what Everybody will say; nay, there is not a poor country wench, when her young master the 'squire attempts to delude her, but will immediately reply to him, "Lord!—your honour!—what will the world say?" And this *what will the world say*, is what Everybody is anxious after, although it is hardly worth Anybody's while to trouble their heads with the world's sayings.

These four heads of Nobody, Everybody, Somebody, and Anybody, form a fifth head, called a Busybody: the Busybody is always anxious after something about Somebody; he'll keep company with Anybody, to find out Everybody's business, and is only at a loss when this head stops his pursuit, and Nobody will give him an answer. It is from these four heads the fib of each day is fabricated; Suspicion begets the morning whisper, the gossip Report circulates it as a secret, wide-mouthed Wonder gives Credulity credit for it, and Self-interest authenticates, that, as Anybody may be set to work by Somebody, Everybody is alarmed at it, and at last there is Nobody knows any thing at all of the matter. From these four heads people purchase lottery-tickets, although calculation demonstrates the odds are so much against them; but Hope flatters them, Fancy makes them believe, and Expectation *observes, that* the twenty thousand pounds prizes

must come to Somebody, [*Gives the head off.*] and as Anybody may have them, [*Gives the head off.*] and Nobody knows who, [*Gives the head off.*] Everybody buys lottery tickets.—[*Gives the head off.*]

Flattery.

Most difficult it is for any single speaker long to preserve the attention of his auditors: nay, he could not continue speaking, conscious of that difficulty, did he not depend greatly on the humanity of his hearers. Yet it is not Flattery prompts the lecturer to this address; for, to show in how odious a light he holds flattery, he here exposes the head of Flattery. [*Takes the head.*] This being, called Flattery, was begat upon Poverty by Wit; and that is the reason why poor wits are always the greatest flatterers. The ancients had several days they called lucky and unlucky ones; they were marked as white and black days. Thus is the face of Flattery distinguished: to the lucky she shows her white, or shining profile; to the unlucky she is always in eclipse; but, on the least appearance of Calamity, immediately Flattery changes into reproach. [*Opens the head.*] How easy the transition is from flattery into reproach; the moral of which is, that it is a reproach to our understandings to suffer flattery. But some people are so fond of that incense, that they greedily accept it, though they despise the hand that offers it, without considering the receiver is as bad as the thief. As every head here is intended to convey some moral, the moral of this head is as follows:—this head was the occasion of the first duel that ever was fought; it then standing on a pillar, in the centre, where four roads met. Two knight-errants, one from the north, and one from the south, arrived at the pillar at the same instant, whereon this head was placed; one of the knight-errants, who only saw this side of the head, called out, "It was a shame to trust a silver head by the road side." "A silver head," replied the knight who only saw this side of the head, "it's a black head." Flat contradiction produced fatal demonstration; their swords flew out, and they hacked and hewed one another so long, that at last, fainting with loss of blood, they fell on the ground; then, lifting up their eyes, they discovered their mistake concerning this image. A venerable hermit coming by, bound up

their wounds, placed them again on horseback, and gave them this piece of advice,—That they never hereafter should engage in any parties, or take part in any dispute, without having previously examined both sides of the question.

A Frenchman and a British Tar.

Here is the head of a Frenchman—[*shows the head*]—all levity and lightness, singing and capering from morning till night, as if he looked upon life to be but a long dance, and liberty and law but a jig. Yet Monsieur talks in high strains of the law, though he live in a country that knows no law but the caprice of an absolute upstart. Has he property? An edict from the emperor can take it, and the slave is satisfied. Pursue him to the dismal dungeon in the country to which a *lettre de cachet* conveys him, and buries the wretch for life: there see him in all his misery;—ask him "What is the cause?" "*Je ne scai pas:* it is the will of de emperor." Give him a *soup maigre*, a little sallad, and a hind quarter of a frog, and he is in spirits He is now the declared enemy of Great Britain: ask him "Why?—has England done your country any injury?" "Oh no." "What then is your cause of quarrel?" "England, sir, give too much liberty to de press. Bonaparte do no like it. Your British constitution do not agree with his—he vant to alter it—he vill make you alter it."—"Make! Hark you, monsieur, is France able to cope with England on her own element, the sea?" "*Oh! pourquoi non?* Why not?" Here is the head of a British tar; [*shows the head*] and while England can man her navy with thousands of his spirits, Monsieur's threats are in vain. Here is a man who despises danger, wounds, and death; he fights with the spirit of a lion, and, as if, like a salamander, his element was fire, gets fresh courage as the action grows hotter; he knows no disgrace like striking to the French flag; no reward for past services so ample as a wooden leg, and no retreat so honourable as Greenwich Hospital. Contrast his behaviour with that of a French sailor, who must have a drawn sword over his head to make him stand to his gun, who runs trembling to the priest for an absolution—"*Ah, mon bon pere, avez pitie de moi!*" when he should look on death like a man. This brave tar attended the gallant Nelson in his last

glorious exploit, and returned with his dear remains to attend him to the grave, when his account was that Monsieur hid his face, [*puts by the head*] while he and his comrades *did their duty!*

A Spaniard and a Dutchman.

Here is the head of a Spaniard, [*shows the head*] a combination of gravity and pride, who, having once made a vain attempt to invade old England, joins hands with Monsieur, (though quite the contrast of himself, being all levity and insignificance), in hopes that the French emperor's *Invincibles* would have been more fortunate than his. Still he finds our hearts of oak not only impenetrable, but *penetrating* fighters. The Frenchman, vain and sanguine to the last, encourages his ally to persevere.—"*Attendre, attendre, mon cher ami.*"—"Wait, my good friend, we shall get the game yet."—"Certainly," replies the grave Don, "for we get all the rubbers." But whilst these two are mourning over their losses by the war, here comes another to complete the procession of madness and folly. This is the head [*shows it*] of Mynheer Van Neverfelt Lange Breecho Love Cabbeecho Dutch Doggero, a great merchant at Rotterdam, who had amassed an immense fortune by supplying the enemies of Great Britain with hemp, and who, if he had his deserts, should *die* as he has *lived* by it. He considers treaties as mere court promises, and these, in the vulgar acceptation of a pye-crust, whenever they cover any advantage, it is but breaking them, and down with friendship and honour in a bite. He looks upon interest to be the true law of nature, and principle a sinking fund, in which no Dutchman should be concerned. He looks upon money to be the greatest good upon earth; and a pickled herring the greatest dainty. If you ask him what wisdom is, he'll answer you, *stock*. If you ask him what benevolence is, he'll reply, *stock;* and should you inquire who made him, he would say, *stock;* for *stock* is the only deity he bows down to. If you would judge of his wit, his whole *stock* lies in a pipe of tobacco: and if you would judge of his conversation, a bull and a bear are his *stock* companions.

When men have eminently distinguished themselves in arts or arms, their characters should be held *up to the* public with every mark of honour, to

... records of the victories of a Germanicu
ie generosity of a Titus, or the peaceful virtues o
n Antoninus. Why, then, should not England adop
ie practice of the Romans, a people who reached th
ighest pinnacle of military glory? It is true, tha
ame of our great generals have marble monumen
Westminster Abbey; but why should not the livin
ijoy the full inheritance of their laurels? If the
serve to have their victories proclaimed to the worl
the voice of Fame, let it be when men are sensibl
the sweetness of her trumpet; for she will the
und like an angel in their ears.

A British Hero.

Here is the head of a British hero; a title seldon
nferred, and as seldom merited, till the arden
lour of the youthful warrior is ripened into th
sdom and cool intrepidity of the veteran. He en
red the service with the principles of a soldier an
atriot, the love of fame, and the love of his country
is mind active and vigorous—burning with the thirs
honour—flew to posts of danger with a rapidit
ich gave tenfold value to his military exertions
d rendered his onsets terrible as resistless. No ex
dition appeared to him either difficult or impracti
ble that was to be undertaken for the good of th

PART V.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.

WE shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall show a compendium of law [*takes the wig*].—Parts of practice in the twist of the tail. The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaister, seems to show us that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

We shall now beg leave to change the fashion of the head-dress, for, like a poor perriwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patterns on the same block. [*Puts on the wig, and takes the nosegay.*]

Law is—law,—law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

Bullum versus *Boatum.*

We now shall mention a cause called '*Bullum versus Boatum*,' it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers, farmer A, and farmer B. Farmer A was seised or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seised or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had

made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he eat up the turnips; and, to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat being eat from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull:—the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum* versus *Boatum*, *Boatum* versus *Bullum*. Now the counsel for the bull began with saying, "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull.—We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was; for thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel:—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour, besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away, upon which *I gave it, as my opinion*, that as the tide of the river

carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, how, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth in their declaration that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, fishibus, qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, clavos, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus, et well-boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;* that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soals both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

A City Politician.•

This is one of those many thousand heads [*takes the head*] who swarm in and about London, whose times and minds are divided between the affairs of state

• This character is very common in low life. Stevens, who seems to have studied men and manners, has drawn it with peculiar, though extravagant humour; for such characters always talk nonsense, as they are always arguing about things they do not understand. We have therefore chosen this subject for our embellishment, for though severely censured by the author of the insipid opera of The Woodman, we *think it far superior* to any character he has ever *delineated.*

and the affairs of a kitchen; he was anxious after venison and politics; he believed every cook to be a great genius, and to know how to dress a turtle comprehended all the arts and sciences together. He was always hunting after newspapers, to read about battles, and imagined soldiers and sailors were only made to be knocked on the head, that he might read an account of it in the papers; he read every political pamphlet that was published on both sides of the question, and was always on his side whom he read last. And then he'd come home in a good or ill temper, and call for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and send for some neighbours to sit with him, and talk politics together—[*Puts on a cap, and takes the pipes and sits down.*]—"How, do you do, Mr. Costive? sit down, sit down; ay, these times are hard times; I can no more relish these times than I can a haunch of venison without sweet sauce to it; but, if you remember, I told you we should have warm work of it, when the cook threw down the Cayenne pepper. Ay, ay; I think I know a thing or two; I think I do, that's all. But lord, what signifies what one knows, they don't mind me! They all fell a laughing. Now there's Commons made Lords, and there's Lords made, the Lord knows what; but that's nothing to us; they make us pay our taxes: they take care of that; ay, ay, ay, they are sure of that: pray, what have they done for these twenty years last past?—Why, nothing at all! they have only made a few turnpike-roads, and kept the partridges alive till September; that's all they have done for the good of their country. There were some great people formerly, that loved their country, that did every thing for the good of their country; there was your Alexander the Great loved his country, and Julius Cæsar loved his country, and Charles of Sweedland loved his country, and Queen Semiramis, she loved her country more than any of 'em, for she invented solomongundy, that's the best eating in the whole world. Now, I'll show you my plan of operations, Mr. Costive; we'll suppose this drop of punch here to be the main ocean, or the sea; very well—these pieces of cork to be our men of war; very well—and these pieces of pipe [*breaks the pipes*] to be all the strong fortified places in the whole world; here is Tilbury Fort, here is Birgin op Zoom, and here is Tower *Ditch, and all the other* fortified places all over the

world. Now, I'd have all our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all our foot-infantry should wear air jackets. Then, sir, they'd cross the sea before you could say Jack Robinson; and where do you think they should land? Mr. Costive, whisper me that? Ha!—What?—When?—How?—You don't know?—How should you?—Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia?—Now, I have; I understand jography: now they should land in America, under the line, close to the south pole; there they should land every mothers' babe of 'em; then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Catawawes; there's the Cherokees, and there's the *ruffs* and *rees;* they are the four great nations; then I takes my Catabaws all across the continent, from Jamaica to Bengal; then they should go to the Mediterranean.—You know where the Mediterranean is?—No, you know nothing; I'll tell you; the Mediterranean is the metropolis of Constantinople; then I'd send a fleet to blockade Paris till Bonaparte had given up Malta; then I'd send for the Duke of York and Sir Sidney Smith; and—Where was I, Mr. Costive? With Sir Sidney Smith. Thank ye—so I was; but you are so dull, Mr. Costive, you put me out.—Now, I'll explain the whole affair to you; you shan't miss a word of it:—Now, there is the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia; the Nabob of Arcot, and the king of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest; they make a diversion upon all the *Cream* of Tartary's back settlements; then Sir Sidney Smith comes with a *circumbendibus*, and retakes all the islands; and cuts and twists; and takes 'em *here*, and *there*, and *there*, and *here*, and *every where;*—there is the whole affair explained at once to you."

A Proud Man.

This is a head of a proud man; all heads in that predicament are unsound. This man was rich, and as wealth is a certain hot-bed to raise flatterers, he had enough of them; they told him he was every thing; he believed them, and always spoke in the first person, saying, I, I, I, I—I will have it so; I know it;—I, I—which puts one in mind of a school-boy toning out before his mistress's knees, I by itself I. Yet there is one piece of pride which may be thought excusable; and that is, that honest exultation of heart which every

public performer feels from the approbation of his auditors; gratefully does he acknowledge their indulgence, and with sincerity declares, that the utmost exertion of his abilities can never equal the favour of the public.

Dissertations on a Full-bottomed Bob-wig, and a Methodist's Wig.

By way of Epilogue, here are two wigs [*takes two wigs*]. This is called the full-bottomed bob, and carries a consequentiality along with it; it is worn by those people who frequent city feasts, and gorge themselves at a lord-mayor's show dinner, and with one of these wigs on, their double chins rested upon their breasts, and their shoulders up, they seem as if they had eat themselves into a state of indigestion, or else had bumpered themselves out of breath with bottled beer. [*Puts on the wig.*] "Waiter! bring me a ladlefull of soup! Ye dog! don't take off that haunch of venison yet!—bring me the lamb, a glass of currant-jelly, and a clean plate. A hob-nob, sir, with all my heart, two bumpers of Madeira!—

Love, health, and ready rhino,
To all the friends that you and I know."

On the contrary, these lank locks form the half-famished face. [*Puts on the Methodist air, and takes the tub.*] "The floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mammon eats up all your upper leathers, and we are all become sad soals. Brethren, the word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe therein: if you are drowsy I'll rouse you, I'll beat a tattoo upon the parchment case of your conscience, and I'll whisk the devil like a whirligig among you. Now let me ask you a question seriously. Did you ever see any body eat any hasty-pudding? What faces they make when it scalds their mouths, phoo, phoo, phoo! what faces will you all make when old Nick nicks you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare matrimony; there's the sweet part of it, which is the honey-moon; then there's the largest part of it, that's the most insipid, that comes after, and that's the water; then there's the strong spirit, that's the husband; then there's the sour spirit, that's the wife. But you don't mind me, no more than a dead horse does a pair of *spectacles*: if you did, the sweet words which I utter

would be like a treacle posset to your palates. Do you know how many taylors make a man?—Why nine. How many half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. So have you all been bound 'prentices to Madam Faddle, the fashion-maker; ye have served your times out, and now you set up for yourselves. My bowels and my small-guts groan for you; as the cat on the house-top is caterwauling, so from the top of my voice will I be bawling,—put—put some money in the plate, then your abomination shall be scalded off like bristles from the hog's back, and ye shall be scalped of them all as easily as I pull off this perriwig."

My attempt you have heard to succeed, the projector
And I tremblingly wait your award of this lecture;
No merits I plead but what 's fit for my station,
And that is the merits of your approbation.
And since for mere mirth I exhibit this plan,
Condemn if you please—but excuse if you can.

SONGS,

COMIC AND SATIRICAL.

I love fun—keep it up!
Lecture on Heads.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Writer of these Ballads, by way of Preface, leave to introduce a *fragment*, which he ly met with among the MSS. preserved in nestimable receptacle of curiosities at Chel- ell known to the *literati* of all nations, under nomination of *Don Saltero's coffee-house.*

is fragment, indeed, bears no marks of anti- ; yet the origin, as well as progress, of *Music* *Poetry*, is here traced with uncommon per- ty; and it is greatly to be lamented that the r himself could not be consulted, for putting ishing hand to so arduous and elaborate an taking.

THE

HISTORY OF CHOICE SPIRITS,

AND

BALLAD SINGING.

JUBAL, or Tubal Cain, was the first composer of tunes; his lyre preceded Orion's, Amphion's, and even the harp of Orpheus.

Orion, when making his voyage upon the dolphin's back, invented *water music*.

Amphion introduced *cotillons* as well as *country dancing*.

Orpheus, to please his Eurydice, exhibited the first *harmonic meeting*.

And, on the mountain Gibello, Circe held her first court for Comus. The magazines of the ancients, those most useful repositories of ready-made erudition, tell us that Bacchus instituted a club at this very period, called the Baccæ or Bacchantes, and which are now called the Bucks; as it appears, not only by Nimrod's ancient charter deposited in the archives of the Babylonian Lodge, in the environs of Soho, but also by the authenticated records belonging to the Pewter Platter in Bishopsgate-precinct.

And to these two bodies of that noble and ancient order, the opposite engraving of the famous goblet, or cup, used by the Grand Buck at Rome, when he celebrated the Secular Games, is here addressed, with its original inscription, and a translation, for the mutual entertainment of those distinct classes of critics, the *learned* and *unlearned*, who alternately take the lead in all conversations.

Bene vobis,
Bene mihi,
Bene amicæ meæ,
Bene omnibus nobis;
Bene cui non invidet mihi,
Et eo cui nostro gaudeo gaudet.

Thus translated:

On our absent friends we'll think,
To our noble selves we'll drink;
Then to him, from envy free,
Who loves fun like you and me.

The reason for introducing this antique unto the reader's acquaintance is, according to the modern custom of book-making, to show the author's erudition; which is still farther displayed in the following description of choice spirits.

After Circe's elopement with Ulysses, they became wanderers upon the face of the earth, and, like Jews and strolling-players, continue itinerants even unto this day; they have, nevertheless, multiplied exceedingly, propagating their conviviality into the different orders of Grigs, Gregs, and Gregorians;—Antigallicans, Free Masons, and Ma-

POCULUM POCULORUM;

OR THE CUP OF CUPS.

caronis;—Sons of Sound Sense and Satisfaction;—Sons of Kit, and Old Souls;—True Blues, Purples, and Albions;—the Beef-steak, Jockey, and Catch Clubs;—the Magdalens, and Lumber Troop, with many others; all which acknowledge the affinity they bear to their paternal society, by celebrating their evening mysteries with a song and a sentiment.

The Choice Spirits have ever been famous for their talents as musical artists. They usually met at the harvest-homes of grape gathering: there, exhilirated by the pressings of the vintage, they were wont to sing songs, tell stories, and show tricks, from their first emerging, until their perihelion under the presidentship of Mr. George Alexander Stevens, ballad-laureat to the society of Choice Spirits, and who appeared at Ranelagh in the character of Comus, supported by those drolls of merry memory.

Unparalleled were their performances, as first fists upon the salt-box, and inimitable the variations they would twang upon the *forte* and *piano* Jews-harp. Excellent was Howard in the chin concerto; whose nose also supplied the melodious tones of the bagpipe.—Upon the sticcado, Matt. Skeggs remains still unrivalled: and we cannot now boast of one real genius upon the hurdy-gurdy.

Alas! these stars are all extinguished; and the remains of ancient British harmony are now confined to the manly music of marrow-bones and cleavers.

Every thing must sink into oblivion:—"*Corn now grows where Troy town stood.*"—Ranelagh may be metamorphosed in a methodist meeting house! Vauxhall cut into skittle alleys! the two theatres converted into auction rooms! and the New Pantheon become the stately habitation of some Jew pawnbroker:—nay, the Sons of Liberty themselves . . . . . .
. . . . . .

Cætera desunt.

PROLOGUE.

THROUGH gloomy grove, along the lawn,
Or by the still brook's side,
When the day's sable shroud is drawn,
Then ghosts are said to glide.

The paly moonshine's silv'ry gleams
Seem dancing down the glade,
Mingling 'midst shadowy forms its beams,
Which scare the trembling maid.

The trav'ller oft is apt to see,
Through twilight's dusky veil,
A giant in each hedge-row tree,
While phantoms fill the dale.

So rambling readers may condemn
This book of medley rhymes,
Whose errors will appear to them
A list of giant crimes.

Already mark;—Sir Cynic scowls,
Rage wrinkling on his brow;
To see, O shame! two am'rous owls,
Instinctive on yon bough.

With outspread hands, and upcast eyes,
As bigots tell their stories,
Th' o'er-zealous commentator cries,
O tempora! O mores!

But why should critics carp at songs?
Or classic scales apply?
To them alone this freight belongs,
Who 'd rather laugh than cry.

For neither pedant nor for prude,
These sonnets took their birth;
But are dish'd up, as pleasant food,
For *Sons of Social Mirth*.

SONGS,

COMIC AND SATIRICAL.

SILENUS AND CUPID.

Tune—*Derry down.*

CUPID sent on a message one evening by Venus,
As ill-luck would have it, was met by Silenus;
The big-belly'd sot ask'd the urchin to play,
And the silly lad gamed all Love's weapons away.
Derry down, &c.

His bow from the bubble, the old gambler drew,
And into a crutch-headed stick turn'd the yew:
The string was tough catgut, Si. swore it was well,
A strong line he wanted, to ring his bar bell.

Love's arrows were cane, he divided the joints,
Pipe-stoppers the ends made, and pick-teeth the points.
The feathers to brush down his tables were clever;
And to a tobacco-pouch turn'd the boy's quiver.

For pipe-lighting matches he chose billet-doux,
And away, at each puff, went a sonneteer's vows.
His tinder was drawn from the brains of the jealous,
And long-bottled sighs he preserved for his bellows.

Hermes took the lad home, told the story to Venus,
She dash'd down her tea-cup, and flew to Silenus;
Then threaten'd her captain should kick the old clown,
But he laugh'd, and he smoked, and he sung derry down.

She squeezed his hard hand, and his filthy beard stroked,
Nay kiss'd him, though with his tobacco-fumes choked;
Then begg'd the boy's arms, but Si. swore with a frown,
He 'd be damn'd if he gave them for her derry down.

She whipt her doves back, vastly piqued you may guess,
In synod celestial demanded redress;
Jove laugh'd at the jest, and he vow'd, by his crown,
When spouse rail'd hereafter he 'd sing—Derry down.

Moral.

Ye husbands, too fond, who are feminine fool'd,
And tamely by petticoat government ruled,
Resist your wives' railings, their shrill trebles drown,
By smoking, and singing of—Down, derry down.
Derry down, &c.

THE DIVORCE.

Tune,
Old women we are, and as wise in the chair.

NO more let defections of wedlock be blamed,
To be sure of grave Cato you 've heard;
In morals more strict not a man could be named,
Yet his wife to a friend he transferr'd.

In Rome they encouraged no trials crim. con.
In France, cuckold-making's a jest;
And, I trust, in few years, by the help of bon ton,
We shall be as polite as the best.

'Tis *vastly immense!* and *most horridly low!*
When a month after marriage is past,
That the husband should be such a *fright* not to know
His lady's affections can't last.

For, broken in fortune, and ruin'd in health,
To patch up both person and purse,
His honour addresses some citizen's wealth,
And the daughter accepts, as his nurse.

Too oft, for the sake of a title impure,
Doom'd beauty is forced from her vows,
To unite with a *blank*, for, upon the grand tour,
Foreign vice has disabled the spouse.

In defence of the fair, satire openly stands,
And forbids the vague spendthrifts to roam;
Wives have too much stock lying dead on their hands
When husbands are bankrupts at home.

Censure no married dame, as the trade's so decreased;
Heavy interest principal clogs;
When ladies have furnish'd an exquisite feast,
Must their dainties be thrown to the dogs?

Then divorce; but we laugh at such frivolous things,
Having here no intention to part:
We are wed to our wine, wine regen'rates the springs
Of that self moving muscle the heart.

Though to wine we are wed, yet we do not think fit
To be tied down for *better* for *worse*;
If our landlord adultery dares to commit,
At once we demand a divorce.

But at present I hope, with an Englishman's ease,
We enjoy both our wine and our wives;
By liberty blest'd, with the pleasure to please,
May we live all the days of our lives.

THE WORMS.

Tune,
When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence.

"KEEP your distance," quoth King, who in lead coffin lay,
As beside him they lower'd a shroudless old clay:
The mendicant carcass replied, with a sneer,
"Mister monarch, be still—we are all equal here.

"Life's miseries long I was forced to abide,
"By the seasons sore pelted, sore pelted by pride:
"And though clad in ermine, yet you've been distrest;
"Both our cares now are over, so let us both rest."

A committee of worms, manor lords of the grave,
Overheard 'em, and wonder'd to hear the dead rave.
Quoth the chairman, "Dare mortals presume thus to prate,
"When even we maggots don't think ourselves *great?*

"Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,
"Yet are but machines, mix'd of aggregate earths.
"They distinctions demand—with distinctions they *meet,*
"*When we throw* by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

"They are scurvy compounds of debauch and disease,
"Putrefactions of sloth, or vice run to the lees:
"By luxury's pestilence health is laid waste;
"And all they can boast is,—they 're poison'd in taste."

"'Tis true," cries Crawlina, the queen of the worms,
"They make upon earth immense noise with their forms.
"*Pon onner*, with beauties though so much I deal,
"On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

"When we chose to regale on the dainties of charms,
"We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;
"Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,
"A fine woman's features spread fatal infections.

"Not a worm of good taste, and bon ton, I dare vouch,
"A morsel of fashion-made beauties will touch.
"A quality toast we imported last week:
"Two maggots, my servants, died eating her cheek."

"Very odd," quoth a critic, "worms hold such discourse."
"Very odd," quoth the author, "that men should talk worse."
Like reptiles, we crawl upon earth for a term,
Take wing for a while—then descend to a worm.

Dan Pope declares all human race to be worms;
Maids, misses, wives, widows, all maggotty forms.
But of worms, and worm-feeding, no more we 'll repeat—
Here's a glass *to the dainty* that 's made for man's *meat*.

THE RACE.

Tune—*As Roger came tapping at Dolly's window.*

AS the farmer went over his corn-ripen'd land,
And counted increase of his grain,
Scarlet poppies he saw down the long furrows stand,
Like soldiers, in lines on the plain.
Quoth he, though in learning I am not well skill'd,
In mem'ry this maxim I 'll keep,
Those weeds among wheat, show when belly is fill'd
We have nothing to do but to sleep.

Each scene of creation that opes to our view,
Affords contemplation a theme,
As blossoms enamell'd by drops of bright dew,
With di'monds so court beauties beam.
See grape to grape swelling, transparent on vine,
That fruit is an emblem of bliss;
Balmy lip to lip lovers as lusciously join,
And the nectar enjoy of a kiss.

While Britons, like Britons, dare English taste own,
Success on our strength could depend;
We now, by importing, enervate bon ton,
To impotent idlers descend.
We wed without love, we attempt without powers,
And, strengthless, and senseless, in swarms,
Insipid as butterflies basking on flowers,
The fribbles fill fine women's arms.

If Bacchus and Ceres were drove from Love's court,
Desire must frozen depart!
Roast beef *quantum suff.* and take *tantum* red port,
They steel the main spring of the heart.
Could we Venus consult, why indeed so we may,
Since each circle a Venus supplies,

I'll back my opinion, those beauties will say
A *milksop's* the *thing* we despise.

The *elixir of love* in our full bottles view,
For beauty's sake bumpers embrace;
While kept in this training we can't but *come through*,
For give-and-take plates in *Love's race*.
Success to that *meeting*, where each against each,
Well mounted, push forward to win,
For third, fourth, or fifth heats, they rallying stretch,
And, neck to neck, nimbly come in.

THE PICTURE.

Tune—*Fine songsters too often apologies make.*

WISHING well to good folks, both on this and that,
By my own fire-side, with my lass,
Not yawning, nor mute, but in spiritful chat,
To old England I took off my glass.

The next to my king; and the third was a joke,
Of all places I toasted *the best*;
She seem'd not to hear, but her cheeks blushes spoke,
The wanton my sentiment guess'd.

Her bosom I press'd, to my lips it arose,
The crimson still flushing her face;
With love-lisping laugh, she replied, "I suppose
"You presume I can guess at the place."

I answer'd, but first for my fee took a kiss,
"Where the temple of love we attend,
"Beauty's columns begin at the fountain of bliss;
"In tapering outlines they end.

" On the top, at the arch of enjoyment unite,
" Curl'd tendrils the pediment grace;
" From Cupid's pantheon, the shaft of delight
" Must spring from the masculine base.

" If the lady of this perfect mansion you 'll see,"
As I spoke, gave my hand to the lass,
" Oh, by all means," she said;—" then, my dear,
come with me;"
So I led my girl up to the glass.

Off she turn'd, with a pshah! yet no anger express'd;
Good breeding scorns prudery's skreen;
'Mong our dinner-time toasts, when we drink *to the best*,
We only *most excellent* mean.

Remember, my bucks, when you 're aiming at jokes,
Be sure make the most of a jest;
Not like the assembly of impotent folks,
Who prove themselves—*bad* at the *best*.

Our youths in their waists are now scarcely a span,
An insensible, expletive crew;
When loveliness weds one, in hopes of a man,
'Tis the worst thing a lady can do.

Here 's to beauty a toast, sir, but not face alone,
Lower yet lies the circle of grace;
Beneath, where in centre Love buckles her zone,
The point of attraction we place.

Let our bottles, like globes, have elliptical sweep;
Geometrists mind what I say,
May beautiful parallels distances keep,
To give perpendiculars way.

ORIGIN OF FACTION.

Tune—*I am, quoth Apollo, when Daphne,* &c.

IN hist'ries of heathens, by which tutors train us,
The salt-water sovereign is call'd Oceanus;
His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurses; old Trident declared,
To embellish his offspring no pains should be spared.
By flying-fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
And petition'd the gods, that his suit they 'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I 'll make it king of the sea:
Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
I 'll guard it with shoals, and I 'll make their lads seamen.
Strong Hercules hollow'd out, I 'll make 'em freemen.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars?
Why, I 'll make all soldiers that Nep. don't make tars.
Momus smiled, as that droll alwsys merrily means;
He begg'd they 'd go partners, and make them marines.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking.
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but, Hermes, you're bit;
'Gainst gaming I 'll send them an antidote—wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, wit no one regards,
Save that sort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Says Venus, I'll people this island with beauties
And tempt married men to be true to their duties
You to married men's duty a friend! bawl'd out
Juno,
You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know, and
you know.

Then, turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began
I'll spoil your Olympical gift-giving plan:
Herself not consulted, she vow'd she would wrong us
Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent *Party*
among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,
Commanded Silenus to seize upon *Faction;*
Swift flitted the fiend, the old toper outsped,
Whilst Semele's son sent a flask at his head.

The imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground:
Say wine thus for ever foul Faction confound!

From trifling syllogistic schools,
And systems out of season;
Never more we'll have defined,
If matter thinks, or thinks not;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace
The mind or soul abstracted;
Or prove infinity of space,
By cause on cause affected:
Better souls we can't become
By immaterial thinking;
And, as to space, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words, and rare too—
Those terms our tutors may discuss,
And those who please may hear too.
A plenum in our wine we show,
With plus and plus behind, sir,
And when our cash is minus, low,
A vacuum soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
Dane Tycho's error proving,
Declares in—I can't tell what page—
The earth round Sol is moving.
But which goes round, what's that to us?
Each is, perhaps, a notion;
With earth, and sun, we make no fuss,
But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was used
By superstition's fury;
Antipodeans were abused
By ignoramus jury;

But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
We're tumbling topsy-turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
And different colours knew, sir:
Don't let us disturb our heads—
We will but study two, sir.
White and red our glasses boast,
Reflection and refraction;
After him we name our toast—
"The centre of attraction."

On that thesis we'll declaim,
With *stratum, super stratum;*
There's mighty magic in the name,
'Tis Nature's postulatum.
Wine, in Nature's next to love;
Then wisely let us blend 'em;
First though physically prove,
That *nunc, nunc est bibendum.*

ENGLISH LITANY.

Tune—*When I enter'd my teens, and threw play-things aside.*

TO a stage-coach we aptly may liken this nation,
Where passengers seldom are pleased with their station;
But, wrangling, and jangling, and justling, and jumbling,
The inside-folks grin, and the outsides are grumbling.

The ins they are in, and the outs they are out;
To be in is the riddle which makes all this rout.

The outs call the ministry infamous elves,
And the ins, when they're out, say the same
things themselves.

It is cunning credulity ever enslaves;
The world is a hot bed to raise fools and knaves:
They pull this way and that way, sometimes pull
together;
But common-sense scorns to go partners with either.

My country, my freedom, and oh, my religion!
These tickle the ear, faith, like Mahomet's pigeon.
'Tis the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages,
For what the best actors of get the best wages.

Oh my country!—but hold, sir, on which side the
Tweed?
Wa wurth tull your wurds, if ye dinna tak hede.
We give praise to one side, the other abuse,
Can the unborn their place of nativity choose?

Off prejudice, off to oblivion's cave;
We boast we are Britons, as Britons behave:
Can this or that side of a stream alter nature?
No,—wash those reflections away in the water.

Get, get, is the cry now, and get all you can,
If ye can get, get honestly; get, though 's the plan.
Get one thing, and ev'ry thing else you 'll obtain,
For honours are now humble servants to gain.

The African slave-dealers some may think base;
But what must they think—if at home 'tis the case?
The *Guinea trade* here keeps a market, 'tis cer-
tain,
And Yes and No bought and sold—more 's the mis-
fortune.

When a beauty 's enjoy'd by a man of the town,
What he doted last week on, this week he 'll disown.
The self-sellers thus become those people's scoff,
Who first turn'd them prostitutes, then turn them off.

May all be turn'd off, who those dealings befriended,
Where honester folks have been sometimes suspended;
May they die as they lived, by all good men abhorr'd,
We Britons beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

THE MARINE MEDLEY.

Tune—*Come and listen to my ditty.*

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me,
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea;
O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our time 's come we must go,

Tune—*Life is chequer'd.*

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand;
Now set the braces,
Don't make wry faces,
But the lee topsail sheets let go,
Starboard here,
Larboard there,
Turn your quid,
Take a swear,
Yo! yo! yo!

First tune again.

Oh, ye landmen, idly lying
All along-side beauty's charms,
Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
Free from all but love's alarms.
While on billows, billows rolling,
Death appears in every form,
On no lady's lap we're lolling,
No kind kiss can calm the storm.

But loud peals on peals are clashing,
Through rift rocks the shrill wind shrieks;
In our eyes fierce lightning flashing,
Search the sails, and stench the decks.
Bursting clouds, upon us pouring,
Black o'erspread the face of day,
Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High the tossing tempest heaves us,
Towards the pole aloft we go,
While the clouds seem to receive us,
Dreadful yawns the gulf below.
In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
Down we sink from sight of sky,
By the swell as instant up thrown,
Hark! what means yon dismal cry?

The foremast's gone, yells some sad tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck—
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold—
Plumb the well, the leak increases—
Four feet water 's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
Warring waves around us foam;
For the worst while we're preparing,
Nature sinks, and sighs for home.
There our babes, perhaps, are saying,
In their little lisping strain,
As round mother's knees they're playing,
"Daddy soon will come again."

Tune—*Early one morn a jolly young tar.*

If we must die, why die we must,
'Tis a birth to which all must belay, mun;
When our debt's due, for death won't trust,
Then all hands be ready to pay, mun.
As to life's striking its flag, never fear,
Our cruise is out, that's all, my brother;
In this world we've luff'd it up thus and no near,
So let's ship ourselves now for another.

Tune the first again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
To the pumps come every hand:
See, her misen-mast is going,
On the lee-beam lies the land.
Rising rocks appear before us:
Hopeless, yet for help we call;
Every sea breaks fatal o'er us;
To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now Dismay, with aspect horrid,
Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
And Despair, with bristly forehead,
On each bloodless face appears.
Sadly still we wait the wave!——
The o'erwhelming wave rolls mountains h
The swell comes on, our sea-green grave—
Hark! what means yon happy cry!

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast:
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.
Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
We'll again lead sailors' lives;
Come, the can, boys,—let's be drinking
To our sweethearts, and our wives.

THE NABOB.

Tune—*Ye lovelies who never inconstancy knew.*

YE makers of nabobs who millions amass,
Eclipsing nobility's train;
In pride of profusion your pageantries pass—
To your worships a word—don't be vain.
Though spoils of the East you exultingly view,
Not a reptile that crawls but is richer than you.

Your sideboards may bend with superfluous weight,
Your breasts the slant ribbon may bind,
You homage receive from the paupers of state:
Weigh these 'gainst the wealth of the mind.
An instinct unerring all animals boast;
Lord-man he has reason, and so my lord's lost.

Can we wanton on waves in the deep-troubled storm?
Can the Board of Works, beaver-like, build?
Can ye artists contend with a transmigrate worm?
Or, spider-like, sail through the field?
Contempt must attend on ambition's odd grasp,
Who catches at crowns, when he shrinks from a wasp.

O'er passion can beauty a conquest achieve?
Could Samson an ague engage?

What science can teach us the art not to grieve?
What bribe is to buy off old age?
What opium can lull the alarms of the mind?
That something so wakeful, which wakens mankind.

In pompous down-beds guilt may labour to rest;
Back Conscience the curtain will draw,
To exhibit such spectres as harrow the breast,
While Memory sharpens her saw:
Humanity sighs at the sufferer's pains;
But Justice proclaim'd, *Thus I balance their gains.*

Let us, as we ought, bid defiance to knaves,
And, Briton-like, speak as we think.
Disgrace to the crew of venality's slaves!
To honest men—happiness drink.
Here's to liberty, lads, without flattery or fear,
And I hope I am pledged from the heart by all here.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

To its own tune.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest;
Homer says the celestials love laughing.

This happen'd 'fore chaos was fix'd into form,
While Nature disorderly lay;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On every Olympic the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:

Sire,—mark how yon matter is heaving below;
Were it settled, 'twould please all your court;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know;
Pray people it just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down:
At his flat creation took birth;
The cloud-keeping deity smiled on his throne,
Then announced the production was Earth.

To honour their sovereign each god gave a boon;
Apollo presented it light;
The goddess of child-bed despatch'd as a moon,
To silver the shadow of night.

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her man of war;
Saying, as to these earth-folks I 'll give them a guide,
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up sprung,
In ellipsis each planet advanced;
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danced.

E'en Jove himself could not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind:
The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his hand,
And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleased with the present, review'd the globe round,
Saw, with rapture, hills, valleys, and plains;
The self-balanced orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And freedom, she found, flourish'd here.

The blue-eyed celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smiled on the spot;
My dear, says plumed Pallas, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring,
Unless Prudence prepares its defence;
The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians, to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas given;
We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to heaven.

REASON.

Tune—*When Fanny to woman is growing apace.*

WHAT the heart feels oppose to the phrases of schools,
Sweet sympathies prove the philosophers fools.
Can all the clasp'd volumes of learned men's feats
Be equal to clasping one beauty in sheets?

Go, Instinct, call Reason, and hear what he'll say—
The cowardly tyrant keeps out of the way.
Bolt the door, then, Desire, we'll bilk him at least;
He may pick up the offals, and rail at the feast.

The union of souls is a task words may try,
But lovers' sensations description defy;
To them only known, who voluptuously prove
Affection's enjoyment, the frenzy of love.

But hark! who is that we hear hobbling up stairs?
It is Reason, quoth Fancy;—Oh, is it! who cares?
He's welcome—a chair there—I hope he'll sit down:
As he enter'd I smiled—he return'd me a frown.

My lass was before me, my bottle between;
In our looks we rejoiced we just now were not seen;
But when Pleasure prompts, Reason always sneaks off,
When over, he, bully-like, enters to huff.

Just like an old watchman the goblin was dress't,
Grey hairs, pole and lantern, broad belt, and long vest:
Young fellow, quoth he, it is time you should think;
Old fellow, quoth me, it is time you should drink.

I offer'd a flask of champaign, on my knee,
And begg'd, as my doctor, he 'd drink for his fee;
I praised his wise seeming—my praises prevail'd,
For flattery 's a nostrum which never yet fail'd.

With praises, with bumpers, I ply'd him so long,
That himself he forgot, and would sing us a song;
Ay, and dance, nay, a wench he would have, and
he swore;
But, attempting to rise, he fell drunk on the floor.

As I order'd a bed, says my love-looking fair,
"As to bed, my dear! Reason has no business there;
"The senses their title to that manor prove—
"Let Reason sleep on, while we waken to love."

Moral.

Reason is but a bugbear to scare girls and boys;
Wine and women, without him, experience enjoys;
That we 're worthy those blessings, let life's prac-
tice prove;
May we never want reason for drinking or love.

TOLL, LOLL DE ROLL.

Tune—*Let the grave and the gay.*

WHEN the Deity's word
Throughout chaos was heard,
And in order up rose this vast ball;
Land, sea, and sky rung,
With creation's glad song:
It was then a fine—Toll, de roll, loll.

Inconstant mankind
Could not keep of one mind,
But into foul parties must fall;

'Gainst religion and state
Raised a pother and prate,
And made a sad—Toll, de roll, loll.

On this sea-circled land,
By great Nature's command,
Freedom stopp'd at Integrity's call;
England's genius appear'd,
In full chorus was heard
Loved Liberty's song—Loll de roll.

On each distant shore
We have sung it encore,
And are ready, my lads, one and all,
To sound the same strain,
Though I think France and Spain
Have enough of our—Loll de roll, loll.

All the noise that our foes
Took such pains to compose,
Not a heart of oak's ear could appal;
But the Dons and Mounseers
Were struck dumb with three cheers;
They're the English tar's Toll de roll, loll.

At the place Minden named,
By the British foot famed,
How glorious those days to recal!
The French folks advancing,
Were stopp'd in their dancing,
And tumbled about—Loll de roll.

For this thing, or that,
Toll de roll comes in pat,
'Tis a chorus I'll always extol;
'Tis supposed, not express'd,
'Tis what each one likes best,
Then here's to the best—Toll de roll, &c.

TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

Tune—*Black Joke.*

AS one day at home in a maudlinish mood,
Like dull porter-drinkers, I drowsily stood,
Heavily humming out, Toll, loll, loll, loll.
The fair of my fancy whisk'd into the room;
All lovely she look'd, like a May morning's bloom;
Her form was—but forming a simile's flat,
Think all that you can think, and she was all that.
I quickly left yawning, Toll, loll, loll, &c.

On a sofa she sunk, as if failing in strength,
Then, gracefully wanton, fell back at full length,
In attitude temptingly tuning toll, loll.
I begg'd for the words, but her smiling express'd,
What words among friends?—try the tune, 'twill do best.
'Twas a hint, and I instantly rose to her wishes,
Fell into her arms, there she fed me with kisses,
For kisses are symphonies, toll, toll, &c.

As if just awaken'd, inclining her head,
Her eyes pleasure sparkling, short sighing she said,
"How sweet is the sound of toll, loll!
"All art in enjoyment's profane affectation;
"Possession's true pleasure is prompt inclination;
"When souls in sweet unison blend their embraces,
"Then, then, and then only, love's gamut has graces."
Toll, loll, loll, &c.

It is taste at an opera, to pantomime pleasure,
O'ercome by the magic of harmony's measure,
And seem to expire with toll, loll, loll, loll;
But Nature's nice organs have nobler sensations,
Not bodyless sounds, but corporeal vibrations;

In these dear da capos, both equal advancing,
Elastical arteries full chords are dancing
Toll, &c.

To practise love's lesson exceeds all the schools;
Scarletti and Handel, and such folks, were fools,
At toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll;
They harmony made out of half tones and whole,
To lull ladies' ears, but 'tis love charms the soul;
When lips to lips tuning soft symphonies tender,
The heart-beating preludes denote a surrender
Of toll, &c.

Tis music and love, or the music of loving,
That only the life which we live for is proving,
Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll.
Though interest makes freedom pay wedlock's expenses,
Yet love for love leads up the dance of the senses;
Where jealousy frights not, nor folly is teasing,
There may we enjoy the true pleasure of pleasing.
Toll, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

Tune—*As one day at home in a maudlinish mood.*

I'LL sing you a song, and I'll sing all about it:
Or in tune, or out on't, you need not to doubt it,
My tune is toll, toll, toll, loll, loll.
Stoccatos, chromatics, rests, crotchets, and chords,
Deep tenors, sharp trebles, with fifths, eighths, and thirds,
Are sounds without sense; common sense comes before us,
So silence each solfa, let's toll, toll, toll, chorus,
And nothing but toll, &c.

If word-gnawing critics grammatical bawl,
Unde derivatur, sir, this toll, toll, toll?
I answer, "from loll, loll, loll, loll, loll;"
And pray what is loll, loll, loll, *perge*, quoth Pedant?
Profecto, continues he, I never read on't;
What part of speech are you, this toll, loll, loll,
making?
"The only part, sir, of the whole that's worth taking."
Toll, &c.

The verb which love conjugates, Nature's the tutor,
Both active and passive, but sometimes stands
neuter,
Toll, &c.
When wantonly wish'd for, *optative* mood makes it;
When promised in *future*, hope happily takes it.
Of all terminations respecting the tenses,
The *present* is always the best for the senses.
Toll, &c.

But let us for once, though, become something
ser'ous;
The Black Joke's a tune, that mayhap is myster'us,
Who knows what is hid under toll, loll, loll, loll?
What is under, or in it, or what is about it,
Perhaps has a meaning, perhaps is without it;
It may be thought wit, but that would be wonder;
It may be a single or double entendre.
Toll, &c.

If you have, or if you have not, read a hist'ry,
If you are free-mason'd, and understand myst'ry,
Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, is toll, toll, toll, toll.
If more may be made on't, I beg to know what,
It may be, or mayn't be, it can, or cannot;
For how be it, hereby, so be it, and so forth,
But, good friends, excuse me, indeed I must go for
Toll, &c.

INDEPENDENCY.

Tune—*Though my dress, as my manners, be simple and plain.*

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of state,
When merely from title men hold themselves great:
If merit wins honours, the wearers we praise,
But only the mean homage heraldry's blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from Adam,
Or spouse can collateral claim from his madam;
O'er acres of parchment though pedigrees spread,
Boast not how you're born, sir, but show how you're bred.

You laurels display, which your forefathers won;
We allow *they* did great things, but what have *you* done?
The cover, the stubble, your conquests proclaim,
And your country's preserved—by the *Laws of the Game.*

Ye lords of large manors, your flatterers disband.
What are ye but tenants for life to the land?
Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, busts, pictures, plate,
Are things of the inn, where in life's stage you bait.

Awhile you the labours of luxury bear,
'Till time sells you out, to make room for your heir;
The same round of riot he runs for his day,
His successor's summons sends him the same way.

But He who exists in infinity's state,
Whose hand holds the sun, and whose flat is fate:
To some has sent powers, to others given wealth,
And to us, who are humble, his best blessing—health.

Jolly Welcome attends Hospitality's call,
Common Sense is our caterer in Liberty Hall:
For one dish dress'd there, all court treats we resig
Keep your distance, ye kings! *independent* we di

THE RAILERS.

Tune,

Ye ladies who drive from the smoke of the tow

BEHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the bree
While cattle calm feed in the vale;
The church spire, tapering, points through the tre
As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skip after dams to the brook,
The brook slow and silently glides;
The surface so smooth, and so clear, if you look
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

In farm-yard, by his feather'd seraglio caress'd,
The king of the

To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,
They show the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the steed, hark! the base village whelps,
Each puppy rude echo bestirs;
But the horse, too high-bred, bounds away from their yelps,
Disregarding the clamour of curs.

Illiberal railers thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such insanes we commit;
But to generous rivals, a toast—
May rich men reward honest fellows of wit.—
Here's a health to those dunces hate most.

THE ARTISTS.

Tune,

Though man has long boasted an absolute sway.

PRUDE Pallas observed to the demirep queen,
Dear Venus, what is it these English folks mean?
Their island is favour'd beyond other isles.
'Twas I gave them sapience, and you bestow'd smiles.
Nay, every immortal a bounty has sent 'em,
And yet, like cross children, all this can't content 'em.

The Goddess of Grace, in love's soft silver tone,
Replied, "'twas immense, immense odd," she must own;

From council Jove miss'd them, inquir
His feather-heel'd post-boy discover'd th
Replies the sky ruler, "they've no bus
"In Britain there always is beauty to s
"And as to Dame Wisdom, by Styx, I
"While Faction stays with them they
ploy her.

"Haste home with them, Hermes:" awa
god,
And the yielding clouds cut with his snak
rod;
In London, from place to place, questio
Where is Wisdom? but where, indeed, nob
He return'd with a tale, with a tale melan
That Wisdom eloped into Scotland with l

"Where is Venus?" quoth Mars; "ay,
have you seen?"
Cries the King of the Cyclops, "my m
queen?"
"I left her employ'd with her handmaids, th
"By Science requested to finish his faces
"Here's the name of each genius with wh

"Into Fate I have look'd, and, ere long, I can see,
"What Athens was once, my Britannia will be:
So Lemnos, be mute; Hebe, hand me the nectar;
"Here's Great Britain's artists, and *George*, their protector."

THE DREAM.

Tune—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

BY a whirlwind, methought, I through ether was hurl'd,
Electric 'mong spirits of air;
Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,
And odd exhibitions spied there.

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown
In procession round Liberty Hall;
Faction seized her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd down,
And Folly broad grinn'd at her fall.

In weather-house placed, to denote foul and fair,
Two figures are veering about;
So pageants we saw, and we smiled at their glare,
As they turn'd, with the times, in and out.

The Methodists, mask'd with Hypocrisy's face,
Anathemas thunder'd aloud:
So Jack Puddings joke, with distorted grimace,
Benetting their gudgeons—the crowd.

Wit and Honour were there, drove from Dignity's door,
That Stupidity's coach might have room;
Debauch we saw open Temptation's base store,
And Disease taint Simplicity's bloom.

Stubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight,
While Desire opposed Duty strong;
The Passions confess'd Reason's dictates were right,
Though themselves still resolved to be wrong.

A wonderful troop towards Westminster bore.
What wonders there are 'mong mankind!
In gilt chariots lawyers paraded before,
On foot Justice follow'd behind.

Church preferments we saw—but respect shall withstand
The abuse that's pour'd forth on the cloth:
Stock-jobbers and statesmen we saw, hand in hand,
And Pride stood at par between both.

Cent per Cent had lain siege to Integrity's head,
And Beauty was battering his heart;
East-India Success struck Humility dead,
And Title took Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Usury, two sleepless hags,
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;
Their heir, Dissipation, we saw at their bags,
With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The mysteries of Trade.—But no longer I'll dwell
On either the mighty or mean;
From an emperor's court to a penitent's cell,
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair,
Where show, noise, and nonsense misrule;
Where tinsel-paradings make Ignorance stare;
Where he who acts best is the fool.

TIME'S DEFEAT.

Tune—*Cupid sent on an errand*, &c.

ONE evening Good Humour took Wit as his guest,
By Friendship invited to Gratitude's feast:
Their liquor was claret, and Love was their host;
Laugh, song, and droll sentiment garnish'd each toast.

While Freedom and Fancy enlarged the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by Love, Wit, and Wine,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door, a loud knock,
A watchman hoarse bawling "'Twas past twelve o'clock."

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they brought the impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much they were pleased
To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seized!

His glass as his lantern, his scythe as his pole,
And his single lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye begone; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd-tooth savage, on this advice fix,
Though Nature strikes twelve, Folly still points to six.
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurried him into a hogshead of claret.

Wit observed it was right, while we're yet in our prime:
There is *nothing* like claret for killing of time.

Love, laughing, replied, I am pleased from my heart;
He can't come and put us in mind we must part.

This intruder, rude Time, though a tyrant long known,
By Love, Wit, and Wine, can be only o'erthrown:
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
He'll always be found in a hogshead of wine.

Since Time is confined to our wine, let us think,
By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink:
Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be primed,
We're certain our drinking must now be well-timed.

TRUE BLUE.

Tune—*To all ye ladies now at land.*

THE cards were sent, the Muses came,
'Twas Ceres gave the feast
To Juno, Jove's domestic dame;
Fair Hebe hail'd each guest.
With Phœbus, Bacchus, Wit and Wine,
Like man and wife, should social shine.
With I fall, lal, la.

The Olympic dance, Minerva wise,
With graceful steps moved round;
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
Her sapient temples crown'd;
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,
Buck Bacchus caught the azure zone.

Upon his breast the ribbon placed:
By Styx, avow'd the youth,
What had the throne of wisdom graced,
Should grace the seat of truth:

His robe he instant open threw,
And on his bosom beam'd True Blue.

"Kings, taught by me, shall garters give,
"In installations show;
"What subjects' merits should receive,
"Their monarchs should bestow.
"This symbol, loved celestials, view,
"And stamp your sanctions on True Blue."

The rosy god Urania praised;
The tuneful sisters join;
The sovereign of the sky was pleased
To constellate the sign.
Along the clouds loud pæans flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd True Blue.

This order Iris bore to earth:
Minerva charged the fair,
Where first she found out sons of worth,
To leave the ribbon there.
From clime to clime she searching flew,
And in Hibernia left True Blue.

DITTO.

Tune—*Masks all.*

LET those who love Helicon sip at its streams,
And, chill'd by cold water, doze spiritless dreams;
No aid I'll invoke from a tea-drinking muse,
But bumper me Bacchus to toast the True Blues.
Sing tantararara true blue.

No man-slaying hero's rash deeds I rehearse,
Nor shall Strephon's sighs sadly whine in my verse:
To Friendship, to Freedom, this sonnet is due,
And Friendship and Freedom become a True Blue.

When Nature to Newton from Dulness appeal'd,
Mankind he enlighten'd, bright vision reveal'd;
All colours examined, and found, upon view,
One chief, one unchanged, and he named it True Blue.

Kings, statesmen, and patriots illustrious choose
The slant azure bandage, the mark of True Blues;
To Britain's chief knighthood the Garter is due,
And that honour'd ribbon is spotless True Blue.

To furnish with science the sons of the earth,
Olympus the goddess of Wisdom brought forth;
Her eyes, Paris own'd, were the brightest he knew,
And their lustre, quoth Homer, is sparkling True Blue.

In spring, when Creation her blossoms resumes,
And field-flowers fill the rich air with perfumes;
What sky-colour, tell me, the sun best looks through?
The atmosphere's clearest when clouds are True Blue.

To sully that standard each social disdains;
The tint of True Blue bids defiance to stains:
On the breast of each brother the ribbon we view,
Which shows, that at heart he is pure and True Blue.

When Liberty lingering, Hibernia quits,
And Honour to Passive Obedience submits,
Public Spirit to Ireland then bids adieu:
Adieu, lads, to life then, then farewell True Blue.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

Tune—*Pan's Song in Midas.*

NOT one of the wise men, though ever so knowing,
Can stop the heart's dancing when fancy is flowing:
Dame Caution may dodge us, but quickly we'll breathe her,
And high over earth, boys, break cover in ether!
Toll, loll.

How then shall we laugh at each sublunar system,
And prove to star-peepers how much they have miss'd 'em!
We'll hob nob with Saturn, his cellar will charm us,
And hand in hand run round his girdle to warm us.

In tangents fly off, and to Jupiter hurry,
Ask majesty's leave with his moons to be merry;
On Captain Mars call, from the spheres get a tune,
Send the North Star a card, by the Man in the Moon.

On Mercury mount, make a comet postilion,
With demirep Venus then dance a cotilion:
Her Hesper and Vesper, you know their vocation,
They rise and set just like the state of the nation.

But now, to talk more like a two-legg'd terrestrial,
Awhile we'll leave fancying this gallop celestial;
Suppose some dear girl her appointment was keeping,
And pat, pat, up stairs, you first heard her feet tripping.

Or when down the dark walk the silk gown comes rustling,
How each sense is hurried, from head to heel bustling!

Unbounded as mad expectation may fancy,
'Tis pleasure's sharp fury, Love's extravaganza.

We fill up our time, by full filling our glasses,
Aud jollily laughing with love-looking lasses;
Our bumpers discharging, then charge to our wishes,
Present and give fire in volleys of kisses.

But we'll have no more now of roundelays rattling,
Of chiming and rhiming, of tittling and tattling.
This singing or saying may please, I don't doubt it!
But here 's to that mouth which makes no words
about it.

THE WINE VAULT.

Tune—*The hounds are all out.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I 'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored,
My brave boys?

My vault door is open, descend and improve;
That cask,—ay, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck;
'Twill light us each bottle to hand:
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
From the arch, mouldy oobwebs in gothic taste stream,
Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there 's an end of my blaze.

Sound those pipes—they 're in tune, and those binns are well fill'd,
View that heap of old hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they 're piled,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar 's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously ranged in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I 've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman my glass I 'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cried when he had no more worlds to destroy;
I 'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I 'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best buck to do more.

'Tis my will when I die not a tear shall be shed,
No *hic jacet* be cut on my stone;

But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done,
My brave boys.

THE BRITON.

Tune,

All you who would wish to succeed with a lass.

FROM the face of the sun see the mists disappear,
Resplendent his beams brighten day;
The highlands, the trees, and the hill-tops are clear,
'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

The hare starts away, puss disturb'd from her seat
Flies frighted, and doubles the wold.
How plaintive the sheep their loud echoes repeat,
Because not yet freed from the fold.

'Tis Liberty's language, the voice of the soul,
Throughout air, upon earth, in the sea,
From us unto where the most distant worlds roll,
What animal would not be free?

Let us live while we're free; but when Liberty wanes
Life is but imprisoning breath;
As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,
And follow our freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,
Our last shall be Liberty's call;
Like Samson, we'll nobly existency end,
And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will government ever obey,
Into air toss Malignity's tale;
But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in play,
And England be set up to sale.

While will, without law, scourges Gallia's coast,
Let us in our honesty bold,
First drink the king's health,—then add to the toast,
May Englishmen scorn to be sold.

THE END.

Tune—*The fool who is wealthy is sure of a bride.*

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
Resolving to wed, to fair Arabell drove;
He made his proposals, he begg'd she would fix,
What maid could say no to a new coach and six?

We 'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done,
The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown,
The bride lay expecting to what this would tend,
Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
The bridegroom's lips stopp'd on love's pillows, her breasts;
All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair
With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, don't stay too long there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist, circling his arms,
He raptures rehearsed on her unpossess'd charms:
Says the fair one, and gaped, I hear all you pretend,
But now, for I 'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, Squire Shadow replied,
But still, unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side.
She made feints, as if something she meant to defend,
But found out at last, it was all to no end.

And which end is that?—why the end wh
vails;
Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are ste
their tails.
And though man and wife for the head m
tend,
I'm sure they're best pleased when the
t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wiv
The end of our loves, and the end of our li
The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress an
Though the head may design, has its end in

'Tis time, though, to finish, if aught I inte
Lest, like a bad husband, I come to no en
The ending I mean, is what none will think
And that is, to make now an end of my so

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
  All bleak the barren moor;
Across they toil'd, when Love, grown bold,
  Knock'd loud at Labour's door.
Awhile, within the reed-roof'd cot,
  They stood, and stared at Care,
But long could not endure the spot,
  For Poverty was there.

The twain proposed next morn to part,
  And travel different ways:
Quoth Love, "I soon shall find a heart,"
  Wit went to look for Praise.
But Reputation, sighing, spoke,
  "'Tis better we agree;
"Though Love may laugh, and Wit may joke,
  "Yet, friends, take care of me.

"Without me, Beauty wins no heart;
  "Without me, Wit is vain:
"If, headstrong, here with me you part,
  "We ne'er can meet again.
"Of me you both should take great care,
  "And shun the rambling plan;
"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
  "So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
  Expecting to be crown'd,
Inquiring for her brother Truth—
  But Truth was never found.
She sought in vain, for Love was blind,
  And Hate her guidance crost:
'Tis said, since Truth she cannot find,
  That Love herself is lost.

But no Muse beckon down ...
I'd rather go up—so, old Pindar, the gro
Bring Pegasus out, and I'll fly.

Take a leap from the land, gallop atmosph
The man in the moon, how he'll stare!
When I start for the pole, I'll go off upon
And clear ev'ry Castle in Air.

Those castles are built by Dependency's d
Poor Vanity's bubble the base;
Pale, promise-pined Hope, as the architect,
They're furnish'd by folks out of place

If the nod of a courtier our cringing shor
Or bid by a smile from the fair,
Self-consequence swell'd, we disdain to l
So look up to a Castle in Air.

My country I'll serve, my constituents
On their honour thus candidates swe
... their seat. would you lo

Dissipation, at present, such title disclaims—
They're said to be Castles in Air.

Wise men from the East—you, indeed, every day
Can count on your orient glare;
Hark forward! ye Nimrods, a nabob's your play;
A nabob's no Castle in Air.

Till death shall us part, I'll be constant, I vow;
This, too oft, is the phrase of the fair:
But some ladies' minds are—one cannot tell how—
No better—than Castles in Air.

Till death!—how appalling must that sentence be?
What looks then the proudest must wear?
When all the land left them is six feet by three,
Their Castle—but out of the Air.

Too late they perceive that they've time misemploy'd,
To be stared at, or only to stare;
That they've lived to their loss, as each day was destroy'd
Erecting new Castles in Air.

The grave—but too grave is not fit for our plan,
Which is neither to doat nor despair:
While we live, let us live, making life all we can,
Then a fig for each Castle in Air.

GAMING.

Tune—*Ye virgins of Britain who wisely attend.*

LAST night I attended at Robin Hood's group,
Where five-minute orators keep the thing up;
Where Politics, Physics, Wit, Humour, and Learning,
May bear things to wonder at past their discerning.

Young Knowell, upstarting, replies, ...
" Mr. President, really that gentleman 's
" He rails against gamesters, yet, this ma
" He would have been one, but he wants

" And now I am up, and my minutes go
" That I prove him a fool, why, I'll hold t
" These fault-finders don't know the thin
abusing:
" What 's all the world after, but wh
losing?

" I forgive all he knows, and I dare hin
" If he would, or would not, have the
lay.
" Honest people I love, but I never he
" It was thought wrong to have the ri
a bet.

" Life 's like hazard-playing, we all wis
" And he must have luck, to be sure, wh

" I abjure each expression would hurt ladies' fame,
" But will they not all play the best of the game?
" To be sure trade's a virtue, and gaming a vice,
" Yet fraudulent bankrupts are worse than false dice.

" If our betters will play, and playfellows esteem us,
" *Cum monitor ludit nos quoque ludemus*,
" Don't blame him who wins, rather laugh at the loser,
" We only take Fortune from those who abuse her.

" If a lord loves a gamester's life, is it absurd
" For a gamester to take up the life of a lord?
" Whether lord, or what else, 'tis a matter of mirth,
" What signifies title, sir,—What are you worth?"

The hammer went down, Knowell silent became,
And henceforth we 'll honour the best of the game.
So here goes a main, here the caster must win—
We drink to the lucky who hold longest in.

THE JOLLY SOUL.

Tune—*The wine vault.*

COME, Liberty! damme, boys, but we 'll be free:
Though Care kill'd a cat, what care I?
I 'll hold six to four, only say done to me,
Like a soul I have lived, and I 'll die,
My brave boys.

They sent me to college—I didn't mind that—
To teach me to preach and to pray;
I wou'dn't be humm'd, I saw what they were at,
So my eye upon all they can say.

To drink it without any tax;
I don't mind the bother 'bout subject and
But custom-free, that's all *I ax*.

If Clergy, and Commons, and Lords, will
Our national debts to pay off,
And let us, free gratis, have women and
Why then we may do well enough.

In half-pints the Parliament House then
And George too, upon my bare knee;
I don't care which side, nor if none rule
So I've but my fun, and am free.

But now they 're sad times, for our freedo
Since we to bumbailiffs submit;
Bill o' Rights! I damn all bills, for the
undone
By that *General Warrant*, a *writ*.

We must be made slaves. if they don't m

If Master Death thrusts himself into my room,
They tell me he always makes free,
I 'll try if I can't tip *old Boney* a hum—
If not, why, mayhap, he hums me.

As I told you before, I 'm resolved not to think,
So I cannot a sentiment give;
However, my souls, while we live let us drink,
Because while we 're drinkingwe live,
My brave boys.

TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT.

Tune,
What a blockhead is he who is afraid to die poor.

RUBY-FINGER'D Aurora, fair lady of light,
From saffron robes shaking the last shade of night,
Call'd Phœbus, who bless'd with his sea beauty's boon,
Slow awoke, Thetis vow'd *'twas immensely too soon.*

Above the horizon his beams circling spread
The grey dappled clouds, fringed transparent with red.
The breezy air rich with the perfumes of May,
While birds on the boughs chirp'd and sung in the day.

Shall man, most obliged, offer less to that power
By whom he 's endow'd to enjoy every hour?
Yes—pride-born Ingratitude never will pay
The thanks which are due for the gift of to-day.

No! to-morrow's the thing; to-morrow! Sloth cries;
To-morrow 's the shadow which every day flies.
Death yesterday call'd in his fools—and, to-day,
'T is not six to four but we 're had the same way.

We must laugh when we look on time-killers' distress,
Who dress, dine, and dauble—dine, dauble, and dress.
In one senseless saunter dream day and night through,
In nothing to say, and—in nothing to do.

As for thinking to-day, 'tis absurd to begin;
A head fine frizzur'd wants no finish within,
To-morrow's the wild goose at which they take aim.
A mouthful of moonshine they get for their game.

Let us, lads, depend on life's plain-dealing plan.
Not kill Time, but keep all alive while we can.
Day and night too, our welcome to beauty we'll pay,
Love equal expects both *good night* and *good day*.

To-night be my song then—I honour its shades;
Fall fertile ye vapours, make mothers of maids.
To the end of each day be our doings upright—
May all do the best thing they can do to-night.

TO DRINK.

Tune—*Guildford stile.*

WHEN Prudence declaims how time passes,
Could we tempt Mr. Chronos to stay,
While we're bump'ring a round of our lasses,
We would wait upon all he could say.
But is it worth while
Through books to toil,
In troubling our heads how to think?
Thought ne'er was design'd
To puzzle the mind—
Let us only mind how we drink.

There was Solomon, one of the wise things,
When past it, began to complain;
He affected at last to despise things,
Because his was labour in vain;
But used to say,
There's time to play,
To labour, to love, and to think:
Let those in their prime
Remember the time,
At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,
Dispassionate cynics despise,
Did you once know the raptures of folly,
You never would wish to be wise.
I scorn the plans
Sobriety scans,
From bumpers I never will shrink;
By the busy in trade
Be cent. per cent. made,
'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.

KISSING.

Tune—*In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had stray'd.*

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain
That happiness here you may find,
To yourselves I appeal for Felicity's reign,
When you meet with a man to your mind.

When gratitude friendship to fondness unites,
Inexpressive endearments arise;
Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts, and delights,
Are announced by those tell-tales, the eyes.

The treatment Love takes most amiss
Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the
Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims:
For sots and clowns—class them with be
No fibre, no atom, have they in their fram
To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips mov
Description, oh! teach me to praise
The overture kiss to the opera of Love—
But Beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are kisses, and, after the p
They fill up the pause of delight;
The rich repetitions which never decay,
The lips' silent language at night.

The raptures of kissing we only can taste,
When sympathies equal inspire:
And while to enjoyment unbounded we ha

May we live as we list, may we kiss whom we please,
And may we still please whom we kiss.

BARTLEME FAIR.

Tune,
Young Strephon he went t' other day to the wake.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and satins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens.
As merrily old English ballads can sing—o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling—o;
Calling out bravo, encoro, and caro,
Thof I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair—o.

Here, first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls squeaking.
My rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware—o,
Though all is not sound sold at Bartleme Fair—o.

Here are drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and showing of postures;
Plum-porridge, black-puddings, and opening of oysters;
The tap-house guests swearing, and gallery folks squalling,
With salt-boxes solus, and mouth-pieces bawling;
Pimps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, baileys, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

The ups-and-downs, ...
chair—o?
There are more ups and downs than at
Fair—o.

Here 's Whittington's cat, and the tall dr
The chaise without horses, and Queen of
The merry-go-rounds—come, who rides,
rides;
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating b
The famed learned dog, that can tell all
And some men, as scholars, are not much

This world 's a wide fair, where we ra
gay things;
Our passions, like children, are tempt
things;
By sound and by show, by trash and by
The fal-lals of fashion, and Frenchified
Life is but a droll, rather wretched th
And thus ends the ballad of Bartleme

Thus as last night I sung, with my lass on my knee,
Methought one below, hoarse inquired for me;
We listen'd and heard him, his breathing seem'd
scant,
And up stairs he stepp'd with asthmatical pant.

The door op'ning wide, solus enter'd the sprite,
Black, and all black his dress, sable emblem of night,
His livid lips quiver'd, pronouncing my name,
And, head and staff shaking, declar'd me to blame.

"Repentance," quoth he, "won't admit of delays,
"I insist from this moment, you alter your ways."
As I stared at him, silly, my bottle I hid,
Then punct'ally promis'd to do as he bid.

With unkerchief'd neck, sparkling eyes, and loose
hair,
Her gown, single pinn'd, burst from closet my fair;
There she fled when the fright first appear'd in the
room,
Then fell at his feet in the health of Love's bloom.

So graceful she knelt, and so tender her tone,
Then she sent such a look, Silver-beard was her
own.
I saw his eye twinkle, blood flatter'd his face,
He fondly, though feebly, essay'd an embrace.

I left them, and, just as I fancied, the churl
Made a strengthless attempt to be rude with my girl.
She shriek'd, I rush'd in as he strove to escape,
And the Watch took Repentance away for a rape.

Ever since when we wanton in rapt'rous embrace,
The reproach-bearing wretch dares not show us his
face.

May each fond of each, thus enjoyment improve,
Be henceforth *Repentance* a stranger to *Love*.

RURAL FELICITY.

Tune—*On market day last, I remember the time.*

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who cheerful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,
His household sit round in a row,
Wife, children, and servants, domestical guests,
Such circles in town can ye show?

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee,
And some to their mother's neck cling,
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,
The offspring they have dare not own,
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene
To you, ye unsocials, unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd:
"'Twas so with us when we were young:"
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

"I remember the day of my falling in love,
"How fearful I first came to woo;
"I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove,
"And our lasses, my dear, look like you."

A tear of joy starting, he kiss'd from her cheek,
Love gratefully glowing her face,
Too full her fond heart, not a word could she speak,
But, sighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shown,
In silence more nobly express'd,
Than all the cant phrase, the bon ton of the town,
Where Love is a Monmouth Street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despise
Those scenes which to you are unknown;
But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,
And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a sentiment give,
A toast which esteem will not scorn;
May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,
And tenderness meet a return.

THE TIMES.

Tune—*Once on a time, 'twas long ago.*

GOOD people all, both great and small,
And eke, and aye, and also;
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
And then I need not bawl so.
There was a time, when times were good,
The ancient bard in rhyme sings:
So use time well, 'tis time we should,
We should so, did we time things.

But out of time, and out of tune,
We helter-skelter go forth;
Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,
Good lack-a-day, and so forth.

But sportsmen of discernment
Abroad will choose a nabob's chase,
Or hunt at home preferment.
To hunt the statesman, who's in pl
When patriots cast about, sir,
A pension stops the hark-away,
And so the field's flung out, sir.

In such place-tempting times as th
Upright be our intentions;
Ill fare the loon who first took fee
And him who first paid pensions.
Yet sinecures we'll not abuse,
Nor their illustrious givers.
We quarrel now, 'cause we can't c
Who should be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-foll
Don't give yourselves uneas'ness
Nor mind the flouts, the shouts,
But only mind your bus'ness.

And next, my lads—God bless the King,
And all his faithful people.

AD INFINITUM.

Tune—*Which nobody can deny.*

SINCE life's but a jest, let us follow this rule—
There's nothing so pleasant as playing the fool;
In town we may practise, as well as at school,
Which nobody can deny.

The world turns about, the same things o'er and o'er;
We fool it; our forefathers fool'd it before:
They did what we do, which our sons will encore.

Life's but a half holiday, lent us to stare;
We wander, and wonder, in Vanity's fair;
All baby-like bawling for each bauble there.

If denial should follow a lover's request,
Like a tooth-cutting child he's a troublesome guest,
Till the chit by his deary is hush'd to her breast.

When Discontents dare against court-service riot,
The minister, nurse-like, prepares proper diet;
They've pensions for pap, then the urchins are quiet.

We, children-like, covet the glitter of gay things,
Make racquet for ribbons, and such sort of play-things,
Which we cannot have, though—without we can say things.

But before we can say, we should see how things go,
If the market is high, or majority low,
Then, just at the selling-price, give yea, or no.

We take, or are all in our turns taken in;
The world, to be sure, 'tis a shame and a sin,
Might soon be much better—but who will begin?

Each age has its folly, ours is dissipation,
Enfeebling—but why all this dull declamation;
If weaken'd, we'll drink to the strength of the
nation.

Allowing things wrong, sir, which way shall we righ
'em?
'Tis taste to hear good things, 'tis taste too to sligh
'em:
It was, is, and will be so, *ad infinitum*,
Which nobody can deny

THE RAREE SHOW.

Tune—*Now we're free from college rules.*

THE town's a raree-show some say,
A rare-show for projectors:
What pity 'tis, we spoil the play
For want of better actors.
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,
'Tis so upon all stages;
Folks will not mind what they're about,
But only mind the wages.

Among the imitative arts,
Chief is an actor's science;
Expressive heads, and feeling hearts,
With Nature form alliance.
Behind the scenes, though Party rage,
Caprice and adulation,
With Slander—but we know the stage
Should represent the nation.

A representative indeed!—
As players make believe, sir,
In this world's drama, to succeed,
'Tis as you can deceive, sir.
You may be caught, by face or dress,
Before you come to know folks;
But thee the counterfeits confess,
They 're all—but only show-folks.

Most aim great characters to hit,
Pride spouts as Public Spirit,
Pert Dulness is mistook for Wit,
And Silence want of Merit.
Some study the informer's arts,
Then power their side espouses;
Some play the pimps' and flatterers' parts,
In hopes to have full houses.

We title this same droll we show
The Humours of the Nation—
Extremely high, extremely low,
Endemic dissipation.
The world!—What by that word we mean,
Is self and self's disguises;
A busy, lazy, lottery scene,
Where Folly fills up prizes.

Whate'er we think, whate'er we say,
Whate'er we are pursuing,
Is o'er and o'er the self-same play
Of doing and undoing.
Life's vegetation ripes and rots,
'Till dust to dust returning;
So let us sprinkle well our spots,
And drink from night to morning.

A nostrum which never can fail
The drop and pill
May heal or kill,
As doctors on doctors have done;
But snug and sure,
To work a cure,
Apply th *Elixir l'Argent.*

For weak consciences 'tis an *emetic;*
A *restorative* for a lost fame;
If fear gravels you, this *di'retic*
Discharges each symptom of shan
Like Achilles from Styx,
No wound will fix,
When this *unguentum* is on.
Nay, choose to anoint
Ev'n Justice's point,
'Tis blunt by *Elixir l'argent.*

'Tis a *stiptic* to stop maidens' seru
An *opiate* makes jealousy rest;
'Tis a *lecture* where all men are pl

The witness demurs to his swearing,
And madam demurs to her man;
Yet each sick breast
Demurs digest,
Secundem artem they 're gone,
When a *quantum suff.*
Is took of the stuff,
Elixir nouveau de l'argent.

When sickness voluptuousness seizes,
The medical corps in array,
Sword by side take the field 'gainst diseases,
And, Swiss-like, give battle for pay.
Not a word *of self*
Accepting the pelf,
That lesson the learned ne'er con,
But faith we 're flamm'd,
We might die and be damn'd,
But for our *Elixir l'argent.*

HERE GOES.

Tune—*To sigh or complain.*

COME care-curing Mirth
From Wit's bower forth,
Bring Humour, your brother, along,
Hospitality 's here,
And Harmony near,
To chorus droll Sentiment's song.

In Comedy trim,
Joke, Gesture, and Whim,
With trios will keep up the ball;
By order of Taste
We open the feast
Of Friendship in Liberty Hall.

Who'll President be?
Unanimity, see
  He 's order'd to sit as our host;
My Lord Common Sense,
With pains and expense,
  Introduced him to give out the toast.

Though Scandal we hate,
Only good we hold great,
  Nor any for title's sake praise;
Unworthy 's that name,
No merit can claim
  But what genealogies raise.

In this *anno dom.*, we
Would felicity see,
  I'll demonstrate how easy we could;
Change fault-finding elves
To mending ourselves,
  Then things might be soon as they should.

Some wives read their mates
Curtain-lectures, debates,
  And wonder they 're not understood;
The husband 's perplex'd,
And the lady is vex'd,
  'Cause every thing 's not as it should.

If pension, or place,
Is the gift of his Grace,
  Refusal would be over-nice,
Plum-pudding on board,
And press'd by my Lord,
  Who would not come in for a slice?

Corruption 's the cry,
Opposition runs high,

Yet who can help laughing to see,
Though Faction's so big
Ambo Tory and Whig
In *one part* both parties agree.

For the kingdom of man,
Division's the plan,
By the laws of the Cyprian court,
The ladies must yield,
When our standard we wield,
And what we advance they support.

For a bumper I call—
Here's the *sov'reign* of *all*,
The spring from which all honour flows,
From thence we all came,
So we go to that same,
Here's to it, and to it, *here goes*.

DICK AND DOLL.

Tune—*I'm like a skiff on the ocean tos'd.*

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
For sake of shade I sought the grove;
Through thickset hedge, on top of hay,
I met with mutual Love:
A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,
While she cry'd, "Dick be still,
"Pray tell me what's your will?"

"I come," quoth Dick, "to have some chat,"
And close to hers, his lips he squees'd;
"I guess," cries Doll, "what you'd be at,
"But now I won't be teas'd."

She strove to rise up, but his strength held he
down,
She call'd out for help, and petition'd the clown,
" O Dick, dear, let me rise,
" The sun puts out my eyes.

" I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,
" If ever—well—I won't submit.—
" Why? what? the devil!—curse me then!
" You 'll fling me into a fit."
Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd aslant,
Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scan
And, feebly, on her tongue
Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,
The breese blew rustling through the grove,
Sweet smelt the hay, on new-mown meads,
All seem'd the scene of Love.
Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay,
A look, full of tenderness, told him to stay:
" So soon, Dick, will you go?
" I wish—dear me!—heigh ho!"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
Her tucker trembling to and fro',
Her crimson'd cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
Proclaim'd possession's glow.
Dick bid her farewell, but she, languishing, cry'
As wanton she play'd by her fall'n shepherd's sid
" A moment! pray sit still,
" Since now you 've had your will.

" Lord!" cries the girl, " you hasty men,
" Of love afford but one poor proof;
" Our fowls at home, each sparrow hen,
" *Is* ten times better off.—

'No! that you shou'd not, had I known your design,
"But, since you 've had your will, pray let me have mine;
"So, once more, e'er we rise,
"Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

A SIMPLE PASTORAL.

To a very simple Tune of—Christmas now is coming.

AURORA, lady grey,
Hides her face in blushes:
Budding, blanching May,
Whitens hawthorn bushes.

See the clouds transparent,
See the sunshine rising;
London rakes, I warrant,
Would think this surprising.

See the sturdy swains
Trenching-ploughs are holding,
Some on pebbly plains
Last night's pens unfolding.

How the swine-yards woo!
How the herds are lowing!
While the pigeons coo,
Barn-door fowls are crowing.

Here are Flora's dressings,
Air fill'd perfume here is,
Here Pomona's blessings,
Here the gifts of Ceres.

Hark! the tinkling rills,
And the bubbling fountains:
Cascade o'er the hills,
Tumble down the mountains.

See at welcome wakes,
Show-folks fire-eating;
While, with ale and cakes,
Jack his girl is treating.

Hark! the distant drum,
Lasses all look frighted;
But, when soldiers come,
Girls how you're delighted.

Night her shutters closing,
All the village still is,
Save where, unreposing,
Captain calls on Phillis.

While she lets her spark in,
Shooting stars are sailing,
Farmers' dogs are barking,
Comets to dreadful trailing.

For to scholars thinking,
Omens must be telling;
Whether worlds are sinking,
Or if waists are swelling.

But my lads and lasses,
Mind a friend's advisings,
Let us fill our glasses
To our falls and risings.

THE QUESTION.

Tune—*To please me the more, and to change the dull scene.*

SUPPOSE twelve has struck, wherefore pray all this fuss?
Next time 'twill strike less, what are hours to us?

Let the sun rule the day, and the moon mark the night;
Without rules, or schools, sure we know when we're right.

The inf'rence from hence which I draw, but first drink,
A bumper's the best preparation to think:
I infer, nay affirm, and with me you must join,
Life's not life without love, love's not love without wine.

This truth I'll maintain, thus maintaining my post,
And give in this bumper a truth for my toast.—
I'm sure to be pledged by each lass-loving youth,
Here's a brusher, my bucks, to the famed *naked truth*.

At first we are into this world pull'd and teased;
At our getting, papa and mamma may be pleased;
But as to us babes, Nature's multiplication,
Begot for diversion, we're born in vexation.

We are fools in green youth, mankind ripe into knaves,
Grey hairs turn to money, or mistresses slaves;
To our burial from birth, passive objects of Fear,
Keep the door shut, and don't let that scrub slip in here.

Let Ill-will abuse us, Hypocrisy bawl,
Vain-zeal the cry join, we join laugh 'gainst them all;
Self-denial may sermonize, Temperance tease,
We live as we like—let them live as they please.

Our voyage is pleasure, Hope hoists up the sail,
Our pilot is Instinct, Desire the gale;
To Beauty we're bound, we've Bacchus on board,
Our guns by Love loaded, *Enjoyment*'s the word.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Tune—*Masks all.*

TO excel in bon ton, both as genius and critic,
And be quite the thing, sir, *immense scientific;*
On all exhibitions give sentence by guess,
With shrugs and stolen phrases that sentence express.
Sing tantararara taste all.

The money you squander your judgment confirms,
You need not know science, repeat but the terms;
The labour of learning belongs to the poor,
Do but pay—that's enough for a true connoisseur.

As to Shakspeare, or Purcell, why you may allow
They were well enough—but they will not do now,
Admit Newton's clever, just clever, that's all;
And formerly, faith, we might fancy Whitehall.

When lord of the feast, 'midst your parasite group,
You're the slave of conceit, and low forgery's dupe;
All artists, but English ones, praise and procure,
By your band of bear-leaders you're dubb'd connoisseur.

For words when you're lost, fill the blank with grimace,
And pantomime scorn by your power of face;
If Merit dares speak, and he's known to be poor,
Knock him down with a bet, then your triumph's secure.

With high-varnish'd masters, and bronzed bustos graced,
Your house, like a toy shop, is lumber'd in taste,
All, all are antiques, Clerconi procures,
For who dares deceive such *complete* connoisseurs

The worth of a man, say the wise, is his pence;
'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence,
Then money's the *thing*, the grand pimp that procures
Full work for the wits, when she forms connoisseurs.
Sing tantararara taste all.

THE SONGSTER'S HORN-BOOK.

Tune—*Ally Croker.*

GREAT A was alarm'd at B's bad behav'our,
Because he refused C, D, E, F, favour,
G got a husband, with H, I, K, and L,
M marry'd Mary, and scholars taught to spell.
A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, &c.

It went hard at first with N, O, P, and Q,
With R, S, T, *single* and also *double* U;
With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards,
'Till they were made friends by the two crooked izzards.

This A, B, C, though so little it is thought about,
Each change in the world, by its power has brought about;
'Tis the ground-work of wisdom, of science the key, sir,
What can a man know, who don't know A, B, C, sir?

Some fiddlers, in dress, pretend to ape their betters,
They had better mind their horn-book, and study all their letters;
Their knowledge now no farther goes, from A, B, C, sir,
To the four more letters call'd D, E, F, and G, sir.

As to words, 'tis not worth while to mind their precision,
If we through the gamut can run a division;
The annals of England, to our shame will tell ye,
That Newton was nothing to fine Farinelli.

How ravishing that swell! what sweet *Symphonina!*
What *Catabilis!* what *taste! Ah cara divina!*
O chigusto the voice of *Signior Sustinuti,*
Miltonic the language of *Tace titti tutti!*

As insects will cluster round pots full of honey,
Imported illiberals swarm for our money,
Sense is scared off by Sound, and Trash over Taste glories,
Only Show 'tis succeeds now, *O Tempora! O Mores!*

This A, B, C, excuse without *ceremoni,*
My hoarse voice and harmony is not *unisoni;*
If you censure my singing, for censure is free, sir,
As a songster, remember I 'm but in A, B, C, sir.
A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, &c.

COMMON SENSE.

Tune,
One morning young Roger accosted me thus.

ONE night having nothing to do—nor to drink,
I began a new practice, and that was to think;
What my subject should be, kept me some time in doubt,
I consider'd, at last—*what we all were about.*

Such frauds and such fractions, such follies, such fictions,
Such out-of-door clamours, and in contradictions;

What must this be owing to? why? or from whence?
What is it we want?—why, we want Common Sense.

O yes! who can tell us where Common Sense dwells?
Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in cells?
Does it beam in the mine? does it swim in the sea?
Does it wing the wide air? does it blossom the tree?

If folks would accept Common Sense as their guest,
With *meum* and *tuum* at home they 'll be bless'd?
Not lunatic lacqueys run mad up and down,
Nor mind any business but what was their own.

But which is the way to find Common Sense out?
She feasts not on turtle;—cuts in at no rout?—
Get the tub-cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind expense,
But look by its light 'till we spy Common Sense.

If chance she is seen, though for fear we mistake her,
She 's natively neat, like a lovely young quaker,
Pure Beauty, despising false Drapery's aid,
And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade.

Let us first call at court, but, perhaps, we intrude,
'Twas told so by Miss Affectation, the prude;
There Fashion forbids the free use of the mind,
What can Common Sense say in a place so refined?

Then at church! to be sure, Common Sense there
succeeds,
Unless Superstition should choak it with weeds;
And though Infidelity dares a pretence,
She 's easily vanquish'd by plain Common Sense.

When I mention'd the church, you expected at least,
In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst
a priest;

That a laugh I shou'd raise at the clergy's expense;
But he who would wish it must want Common Sense.

As to trade, no accounts can be well kept without her
Yet stock-jobbers say they know nothing about her;
Bear witness 'Change Alley—the *omniums* declare,
Common Sense shall for ever be under par there.

Come, I 'll give you a toast, if I give no offence—
Here 's the sensitive plant, and the root common sense:
Here 's Love's magic circle, which all senses binds,
And delicate pleasures to sensible minds.

A FORE-CASTLE SONG.

Tune—*How happy could I be with either.*

DO you see, as a sailor, I 'll heave off
A bit of a song in my way;
But, if you don't like it I 'll leave off,
I soon can my bawling belay.
Odd lingos musicianers write in,
Concerning *flats*, *sharps*, and all that;
We seamen are *sharp* in our fighting,
And as to the Frenchmen they 're *flat*.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears
With solos, and such sort of stuff,
We tars have no more than three cheers,
Which French folks think music enough.
Through Canada loudly 'twas rung,
Then echoed on Senegal's shore,
At Guadaloupe merrily sung,
And Martinique chorus'd encore.

At Havre we play'd well our parts,
Though our game they pretended to scoff;

For trumps we turn'd up English *hearts*,
They threw down their cards and sheer'd off.
They have met with their match now they feel,
Their shuffling and cutting we cheek;
They were *lurch'd* at Crown Point, and lost *Deal*,
And faith they got *slamm'd* at Quebec.

Our *music* gave French folks the vapours.
It took an odd turn on Conflans;
We knew they were all fond of capers,
So set up an old English dance.
'Twas Britons strike home that they sounded,
By the strength of that tune they were trounced,
The *tididols* looking confounded,
While Hawke faith their feather-heads pounced.

Our instruments always do wonders,
From round-tops we give serenades;
Our *organs* are twenty-four pounders,
Our *concerts* are brisk cannonades.
For cooks, though the French folks are neater,
Our messes they never can beat,
Our dishes have so much salt-petre,
And as to our *balls* they're *forced meat*.

God bless our King George, with three cheers, sirs,
And God bless his consort, amen:
In past times we've drubb'd the Mounseers, sirs;
For *pastime* we 'll drub them again.
There's one thing I have more to say,—though
Beyond seas, my boys, we'll o'ercome,
If you 'll give old England fair play though,
And keep yourselves quiet at home.

THE CABAL.

Tune—*Long time with the Graces fair Venus*, &c.

WHY should you, loved sensible, shou'd you be pale?
The portrait of Grief you appear'

You look like yon lily that droops in the vale,
With my lips let me wipe off that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,
Let Patience to Clamour submit;
It is better that Slander should say you was wrong
Than that you the wrong should commit.

The atheist, if really such madmen exist,
Belief will delirious deery,
In infidel doubtings pretend to persist,
What they cannot conceive they deny.

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,
Like atheists all goodness they doubt,
Insisting men may o'er all beauties prevail,
Because themselves could not hold out.

You must pardon the cry, think not strange wha
I say,
They mercy from you must receive;
Be it known to your tenderness, 'tis the world's way
Who injure will never forgive.

Smile, smile, and smile on, let day beam on you
face,
To oblivion be obloquy hurl'd;
By the best you're beloved, thou fair figure of Grace
So laugh at the rest of the world.

THE WHIM.

Tune,

If I ever should know, and that knowledge impar

THAT the world is a stage, and the stage is a schoo
Where some study knaves parts, and some play th
fool,
Was said, and again so we say;

For as the world's round, and rolls round about,
Old fashions come in, and new fashions go out,
As vanity dresses the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsical times,
But sing or say something in whimsical rhymes,—
The world's but a whim, and all that;
I mean not the world which revolves on the poles,
But the animal world that's made up of odd souls,
The sons and the daughters of Chat.

For a new exhibition their portraits we 'll plan,
And pen and ink likenesses sketch if we can,
Where all may their semblances see;
Though folks of fine breeding, immensely polite,
Their own faces finish with rouge and flake white,
So leave no employment for me.

Let us tenderly take off those masks and their cures
Attempt, by exposing such caricatures
In Impartiality's hall;
But if the gall'd sinner should wince at a line,
And cry, "Curse the fellow! the picture's not mine,"
The prime-serjeant painter I call.

"Come, Satyr, assist me, my project is new."—
The demi beast, grinning, his range of reeds blew,
And this was his symphony's song:—
"Shou'd I sing of these times, or in prose or in verse,
"Weak things, but not wicked ones, I should rehearse,
"A medley betwixt right and wrong.

"This æra is much too insipid for me,
"Futility 's only in practice I see,
"Unworthy one stroke of my lash;

" The fashion is Folly, let Folly go on,
" To shew Sense subsides, and True Taste to
Ton,
" And Genius is banish'd for trash."

Disdain frown'd his brow, redd'ning rage his
cast,
Contempt o'er his countenance spread as he pa
No more dissipation he'll school:
We'll be quite the thing then, as life's but a t
A bustle in which we can only enjoy
The pleasure of playing the fool.

THE SCURVY.

Tune—*Ere Phœbus shall peep on the fresh*
ding flow'rs.

EVE tempted to err, ill betide the sad time,
Ye modern wives pity her fall;
Since we her sons suffer for grandmamma's cri
The scurvy has tainted us all.

To curb the contagion which putrifies here,
In vain have the faculty try'd;
Its pestilent symptoms offensive appear
In vulgar eruptions of pride.

For all pride is low, 'tis a cancerous brain,
A poorness or foulness of blood;
The want of sound sense renders wretches insa
Who are lifted above what they should.

Epidemic prognostics appear in each state,
Where meanness in office is placed,
Who scurvily ape the odd airs of the great,
And fancy ill breeding is taste.

But when their high mighty superiors approach,
The malady takes a new turn;
As abjectly then the base scurvy things crouch,
As before they were bloated with scorn.

With artists the scurvy of envy appears,
When comates they coldly commend;
Nay oft it breaks out in illiberal sneers,
And poisons the fame of a friend.

Should Genius a visit to Greatness presume,
He's scurvily offer'd a chair;
Disdain marks the *things* in the visiting-room,
Who wonder the *fright* should come there.

Be proud if ye please, ye gay groups of conceit,
Still flatter, be venal, and vain;
We know what ye feel, what ye pay for each treat,
And we know too—ye dare not complain.

With unmeaning gaze pamper'd Wealth wheel'd along,
With the scurvy of vanity swell'd,
Took the snuff of contempt at the more worthy throng,
By whom he's with pity beheld.

Come meek-eyed Humility, lend me thy hand,
Humanity deign me thy aid;
Instruct me, that I may myself understand
Not to scorn those my Maker has made!

THE DEMIREP; OR, I KNOW WHO.

Tune—*Though Austria and Russia, France, Flanders, and Prussia.*

CLEOPATRA the gay, as old stories declare,
Put Mark Antony oft to the rout;

Compare to the fine——I know who, si

Let placemen receive, and let patriots
And raise unforgiving dissensions;
A mistress's arms is the post I would c
A bottle and friend are my pensions
Preferments at court
Are ministers' sport,
When they see what to gain them folk
They may boroughs comman
I wish only to stand
As member for fine——I know who, si

Possessors, assessors, envelope the min
With ethics of old Aristotle;
The lesson of Nature, to tutor mankin
Is—beauty sublimed by a bottle.
The best in the college,
Who boast of their knowled
The *science supreme* never knew, sir,
Unless they can prove

And as to what touching can do, sir,
It is all but a joke,
When compared to the stroke
That is given by fine——I know who, sir.

The atoms of Cartes Sir Isaac destroy'd,
Lebnitz pilfer'd our countryman's fluxions;
Newton found out attraction, and proved nature 's void,
Spite of prejudiced Plenum's constructions.
Gravitation can boast,
In the form of my toast,
More power than all of them knew, sir;
What fellow, or soph,
Will in tangents fly off
From the centre of fine——I know who, sir.

Ye sensible socials, who dare, now and then,
To laugh at some folks in this nation,
'Tis beauty which sculptures us blocks into men,
To beauty then make a libation.
Poor lovers may prize
Lips, legs, arms, and eyes,
Such piecemeal pretensions won't do, sir?
No part shall be lost
When I mention my toast,—
" Here 's the whole of the fine—I know who, sir."

MAY.

Tune,
A beautiful face, and a form without fault.

BLEAK winter is drove, by warm winds, to the north,
And spring's early pencil gay colours the earth;
Each blossom expands its pied leaves to the day,
Creation 's new clothed in the livery of May.

As thus, in soliloquy, rambling along,
I look'd tow'rds the wood, there I heard a sweet
song;
The leaves gently fann'd to and fro by the breeze,
The air a soft symphony play'd through the trees.

As a hound after hare the long meadow o'erleape,
It was something like love which gave speed to my
steps;
I beat through the thicket, upon the game sprang,
And too soon had a view of the Syren who sung.

Oh! how my heart beat, how alarm'd was my pride,
To behold a young rustic fix'd close at her side;
They toy'd and they prattled, 'twas innocent play,
Their rosy cheeks spoke all the warmth of new May.

The lad and the lass look'd like Eden's first pair,
And I, scowling, stood just as Satan did there;
Her tenderness hateful, his fondness as bad,
But their give-and-take kissings—O God!—I grew
mad.

I turn'd from the sight, them return'd in despair,
And pretended a cure by despising the fair;
On both bestow'd curses, went raving away,
But I stopp'd at each step, nor could go, nor could
stay.

Home heavily sighing, I halted along,
Each bird jarr'd my head with its out-of-tune song:
The late pleasing landscapes appear'd in decay,
The scene to December was changed from new May.

In my books I expected some nostrum to find,
But Learning to Love has small share in the mind;
No morals I met there the wonder could work,
But instinct suggested—to draw a long cork.

As sorrow is dry, the best thing I could do,
To make my cure perfect, was—drawing out two:
So wine before wenching hereafter I 'll say,
For wine 's good in all months, as well as in May.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

Tune—*I am a young damsel that flatters myself.*

ALL things have their time by the Hebrew king's rule:
What pity a wise man would e'er play the fool!
Yet weak was that sage, who, when long past his prime,
Attempted with beautiful girls to keep time.
All was vanity then, and *vexation* his text;
To be sure he was vain, and his women were vex'd.

On his own times how wisely King Solomon spoke,
But wisdom, in our times, is rather a joke;
Who 's to blame? 'tis not clear, whether we or our guides,
But equally things are ill-timed on all sides.
Like witlings, who sacrifice all to their fun,
We our errors enjoy, and rejoice we 're undone.

There 's a time to be right, for some time we 've been wrong:
There 's a time for a speech, and a time for a song.
As to song-making, somebody told me the way,
Since I nothing could do, how I something should say.
I wish still to do, has my doings outsped,
And all I have left, alas! lumbers my head.

Superannuate socials, like me, leave the lass,
Pursue the sole sport which we 're fit for—the glass.

Turn'd the corner of forty, 'tis time t
But women to wine change, and still w
Doctor Bibbibus says, whether flask o
As oil to the head, wine the soul will
Embrace then the bottles, hug closely y
May we have in our arms what we
hearts.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Tune—*As Chloe on flowers reclin*

ON the brook's grassy brink, in the w
shade,
The primroses pressing, a damsel was l
She smiled on the tide that roll'd limpi
Beholding herself, to herself sung this s

The 'squire's fine lady last night he brou
What! though in such gay clothes frc
she's come,
Had I costly fashions as well should I a

They 've press'd me, they 've promised, nay offer'd me gold,
Sometimes, I assure you, they 've strove to be bold;
They 've talk'd of my treasure, they 've call'd it a gem,
To be sure so it is, but it is not for them.

No! no! 'tis for him, and 'tis only his part,
Who 's the man of my hope, and the hopes of my heart;
Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his eyes always speak what his wishes would say.

The ranging bee sweets from the honey-cups sips,
As sweet I taste love from the touch of his lips;
Oft my cheek on the fleece of my lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar'd to his breast.

'Tis here for my fair one!—her lover reply'd,
O'er the hedge as he leap'd, and light dropp'd at her side;
She started! a moment life's bloom left her face,
But quick 'twas recall'd by the warmth of embrace.

She languishing lay in love's tenderest scene,
And question'd the rambler where 'twas he had been?
Why so he would fright her?—She 'd scold him, she vow'd;
But a kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

Till by kisses o'ercome, to his transports she yields,
The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those sensations *susceptibles* prove,
Who, mutually melting, exchange *mutual love*.

THE VETERAN.

Tune—*Give us glasses, my wench.*

TURN'D of forty!—what then?—why 'twixt that and threescore,
All the days of our lives let us live:
We only ask health, not a moment hope more,
Than what Nature, undoctor'd, will give.

Non sum qualis eram, in schoolmaster's lore,
Is,—"our cake we can't have when 'tis eat;"—
Do not turn to past views, but new ground gallop o'er,
Nor pull up, for 'tis time enough yet.

Ulysses at forty queen Circe embraced,
When older Calypso could move,
Ætherials pronounced him a man to their taste,
He had health, understanding, and love.

The boys of this time ne'er to manhood arise,
As shrubs cannot strengthen to trees.
Affectation ability's vacuum supplies,
Ere of age they are old by disease.

Insipid emaciates each public place throng—
As trinkets on watch-chains are worn,
By fine women's sides, showy, rattling along,
The fops are for fashion-sake born.

Those mode-made-up things, flutter lifehood away,
Abortions of what Britons were:
Perpetually talk, though they 've nothing to say;
Their looks are but vacancy's stare.

As nothing they think on, so nothing they do,
But only rise up, and lie down;

Inexpletive truths dissipation pursue,
And hue and cry Life through the town.

In the pause of embrace practised beauties aver,
That Wit keeps Desire alive;
No wonder they sensible forty prefer
To folly and faint twenty-five.

No chronics my muscular bulwarks invade,
Within, *prima via* is right:
Constitution I never a bankrupt have made,
So can pay Beauty's bill upon sight.

It is true we are told,—old companions we've been:
Yet sound in our heads and our hearts,
Let wine, wit, and women, but open the scene,
We still can go on with our parts.

While prompted by natural vigour to play,
We act thus, encore and encore,
The warning-bell rung, we've no business to stay,
Valete, the farce, faith, is o'er.

A NEW ROAST BEEF.

To the old Tune.

NOW old England's flag is commander in chief,
With Monsieur our monarch 's turn'd o'er a new leaf,
Down, down with French dishes, up, up with roast beef.
O the roast beef, &c.

In flat-bottoms, slily, those schemers were coasting,
They threaten'd invasion, but spite of their boasting,
No ribs of roast beef had they; but a rib roasting.

The Spaniards once strove, by the strength of
guns,
To make us keep Lent, and to turn out our
But we still roast our beef, for we hast

At Minorca, indeed, though I speak it
Our garrison fainted for want of relief
They grew out of hopes as they grew

But at Minden, well fed, why we there
Right and left, van and rear, foot and
to rout,
They would be *in* our beef—but, avast
out.

To plunder our cupboards, France sent a
fleet,
We a belly-full gave them without any
They then sold their plates 'cause they
to eat.

All knights, by their titles, in heraldry shine,
Nay, writers romantic have styled some divine,
But what are their Sirs to old England's *Sir Loin*.

Let us honour this dish, 'tis in dignity chief,
For garnish will give it the noblest relief:
Here 's liberty, loyalty, ay, and roast beef.
O the roast beef, &c.

THE PIPE OF LOVE.

Tune—*Blest'd age of gold.*

ONE primrose time a maiden brown,
Wishing for what we will not say,
By side of shepherd sat her down,
And softly ask'd him, would he play?
Mild shone the sun through redstreak morn,
And glist'ning dew-drops pearl'd the grass;
The rustic, stretch'd beneath the thorn,
Grinning, reply'd, " I 'll please thee, lass."

All on the green field's turfy bed,
Smiling, the fond one fell along;
The thick-leaf 'd shade her face o'erspread,
While, lisping, she began this song.—
" 'Tis love which gives life holidays,
" And love I 'll always take thy part;
" My shepherd's pipe so sweetly plays,
" It finds the way to win my heart.

" The ladies dress'd with silks so fine,
" In golden chairs to visits go;
" On costly dishes they can dine,
" And ev'ry night see ev'ry show.
" Yet, if 'tis true what I 've heard speak,
" Those high degrees lead lonely lives;
" Husbands are wilful, husbands weak,
" *And* seldom pipe to please their wives."

Blue broke the clouds, the day yet young,
The flowers fragrant fill'd the breese;
Wanton the lass, half whisp'ring, sung,
"Yes, Shepherd, once more, if you please."
Awaking from embraced delight,
She heard her dame, and dared not stay;
They kiss, they part, but first—*at night*,
She charged him, *come again and play.*

His team to geer, home hied the loon,
The love-cheer'd lass blithe bore her pail,
And thus she gave her ditty tune,
Tripping it deftly down the dale.
"Though organ-pipes play music fine,
"And fountain pipes folks run to see;
"Though thirsty souls love pipes of wine,
"The *pipe of love*'s the pipe for me."

THE BRITON'S WISH.

Tune—*Daniel Cooper.*

WOULD you know the way that Eve
In Eden was caught tripping,
Arch Satan twitch'd her by the sleeve,
And show'd a golden pippin;
Tempted by the glitt'ring charm,
'Twas said she ill-used Adam,
And ever since the same alarm
Bewitches Miss and Madam.

The dad of Danaë was a dolt,
To lock a woman's will in;
A *guinea shower* burst each bolt,
Miss oped her lap for filling.
Ask beauties, who for chapmen wait,
What 'tis they chiefly wish for,
They 'll own, though most men take their bait,
'Tis only gold they fish for.

But why should women bear the blame,
When men, both out and in, sir,
Will gamble at the golden game,
Nor care they how they win, sir.
Arts, Science, Office, Trade, confess
Mean mercenary dealings,
All reas'ning bipeds, more or less,
Show selfish fellow-feelings.

Election agents truth disgrace,
They've made this an unsound age;
To brothels brought fair Freedom's face,
And, Pandar-like, took poundage.
But henceforth, Britons, may we show
In bribes no more our trust is,
But nobly independent go
And only vote for Justice.

O Thou! from whom each blessing springs,
Earth, seas, and skies director,
To whom we owe the best of kings,
Be his, be our protector.
The tyrant, arm'd with terror's scourge,
Awes abject slaves t' approve him,
But free-born Britons bow to George,
For in our hearts we love him.

Dear liberty, celestial fire,
Remain here unconsuming;
May that spark catch, to son from sire,
From age to age illuming.
For this is ev'ry Briton's song,
This all we wish to be, boys;
Let life be short, let life be long,
But let that life be free, boys.

NOT AS IT SHOULD BE.

Tune—*If e'er I incline.*

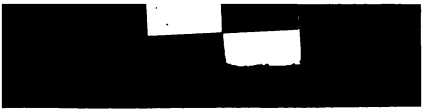
A COXCOMB once said
He had Bet's maidenhead,
But 'twas false, as I told Mr. Would-be,
His doctor declared,
Impotency debarr'd;
The fribble was not as he should be.

As beauty is used,
So Britannia 's abused;
How many loud coffee-house praters
Will boast of the weight
Which they have in the state,
And would be the nation's dictators!

Such creatures pretend
They can England befriend,
So attract or distract all about them;
That, *pon onner*, they know
How, when, what, and also,
And the ministry can't do without them.

When candidates bow,
Patriotic they vow
To honour, esteem, and adore us;
But choose, they change soon,
They are taught the court tune,
And chant in majority's chorus.

Reproach, if you please,
May impertinent tease,
Rememb'rance attempt to awaken:
But th' answer is this,
I thought things amiss,
I really, my friend, was mistaken.



His market is made,
We all live by trade,
So buy or sell, sirs—choose you whether;
Rich and poor, 'tis the same,
Change-alley 's the game,
A job! a sad job altogether!

Our animal stuff
Is not made of bomb proof,
When Temptation's artillery assails:
As the batt'ries begin,
We're betray'd from within,
The flesh over spirit prevails.

Corruption!—that 's hard—
But, from birth to churchyard,
What are we? but rotting along:
Folly moulders our clay,
Each vice has its day,
But—good night—for I've done with my song.

BEAUTY AND WINE.

Tune—*Attend, all ye fairs, I'll tell you the art.*

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This Burgundy, dear Cytherea, will do,
'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips;
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;

The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
Declared she would hob-nob once more.

Out of window each wash, paste, and powder she hurl'd,
And the god of the grape vow'd to join;
Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid Fame tell the world,
The union of Beauty and Wine.

A LOVE SONG.

Tune—*Gentle is my Damon, engaging his air.*

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll choose,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or madam the Muse;
Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,
But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,
She has charms,—for the tooth-ache, and eke for the ague.

Her lips,—she has two, and her teeth, they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
Black and all black her eyes; but, what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing:

The fall of her neck 's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when
you see,
You 'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no, nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warbler's wild whistling vagaries:
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf, you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they 've car-
ried,
And equally pair'd, as if happily married;
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she 's served when he throws them
aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I 'll venture to say,
She 's a very good size—in the middling way.
She 's—ay—that she is,—she is all, but I 'm wrong,
Her all I can't say, for I 've sung all my song.

WHAT 'S THAT TO ME?

Tune—*The dainty dames who trip along.*

THE blue clouds from the skies are fled,
And vapours cap the mountain's head;
The lord of day resigns his reign,
While twilight ushers in her train,
But, what 's all this to me?

By shepherds whistling o'er the wold
The tinkling flocks are drove to fold;

Her brimming pail the milk-maid bears,
And hears her love, or thinks she hears—
Yet what's all this to me?

From reeking pools the steams ascend,
Tall leafy trees their shades extend;
Evening appears in matron grey,
And puts to blush the rakish day,
Still, what's all this to me?

The flow'ry beds have lost their bloom,
The verdant grove's conceal'd in gloom,
The landscapes die upon the sight,
And chilly spreads the veil of night.
Well! what's all this to me?

Though dismal birds begin to prowl,
The flitting bat, the hooting owl;
And glow-worms glimmer feeble rays,
The link-boys of the lightfoot fays—
Why, what's all this to me?

Yes, yes, in truth, for when 'twas dark,
A light I spied, and bless'd the mark;—
I hemm'd, and quick the casement oped,
How leap'd my heart, my search was stopp'd,
And that was much to me.

"Hist," cries my fair one, "softly creep,
"The old folks are both fast asleep:
"Lord! how our house-dog makes a din!
"But I'll steal down, and let you in."
Now, what do you think of me?

When safe we met, few words were said,
For fear by voice to be betray'd:—
So what was done I will not say,
'Twas Love look'd on, and bid us play.
But, what is that to the

Why year after year, by Wit's common-place crew,
We are told life's so short and so vain.
With a look that spoke more than all Cicero said,
To me flew her order—I bow'd and obey'd.

" Our sex, my fair curious, are Vanity's fools,
" On bubbles of self-love we soar;
" However a patron may pension his tools,
" Dependency dodges for more.
" The gross of mankind are such near-sighted elves,
" As trash they behold all the world—but themselves.

" Illib'ral Ingratitude always will scold,
" Expectancy 's ever in pain;
" Abuse gives her tongue, and you need not be told,
" The most worthless are always most vain.
" Like pure silent streams, Merit keeps in its place,
" Approach Dunce's torrent, Froth flies in your face.

" When you bless the day, with your figure and face,
" Insensibles seem to admire;
" By Love's electricities—Beauty and Grace,
" Ev'n Dulness is struck with desire.
" Life's not worth, without you, one half day's expense,
" 'Tis a world without sun, and a soul without sense.

" O! would ye, ineffables, would you endure
" To bestow upon man a new birth;
" Your forms are specifics to furnish the cure,
" And eradicate Folly from earth.
" To you, as our sovereign, we offer our hearts,
" And only are happy when you take our parts."

DOODLE DOO.

Tune—*Ev'ry where fine ladies flirting.*

YOUNGLINGS fond of female chases,
Mount on hopes in wedlock races,
Some for fortune, some for faces.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Oh! th' ecstatic joys which flow, sir,
When two souls congenial glow, sir,
This above, and that below, sir.

Each 'gainst each, like wrestlers, twining,
Each with each engagement joining,
Now resisting, now resigning.

When imparadised they 're pairing,
Ev'ry nerve stretch'd to its bearing,
Hardly knowing what nor wherein.

Fainting, panting—pulses thrilling—
She—obedient waits, and willing;
But he 's out of breath with billing.

Fain the fair would fondly dally,
Looking Love—but he don't rally,
Rather seeming—shilly shally.

Kissing, smiling, she cries—so! so!
Go you naughty creature, go! go!
While he yawns out—ah! ah! ah!—oh! oh!

This indeed too often the case is,
Men will furious fall on faces,
Then fall off into disgraces.

All the work they make with wooings,
Couplings, changings, cursings, cooings,
Are but doodling doodle doings.

Falling back, then falling to, sir,
We, like babies, beauties woo, sir,
Love is—Cock a doodle doo, sir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

THE HUMBUG.

Tune—*The man who is drunk is void of all care.*

THAT living's a joke, Johnny Gay has express'd,
In earnest we 'll make all we can of the jest;
Loll de roll, &c.
A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,
Which some are humbugg'd by, and some are humbugging.
Fal de roll, &c.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,
Bows round to the levee, and ogles His Grace,
Then whispers his friend, "Sir, depend on my word;"
But if you depend, you 're humbugg'd, by the Lord.

Says Patty the prude, and she wide spread her fan,—
"Me marry! What? I go to bed to a man?
"I detest all male creatures! My God! I shall swoon!"
She did—and was brought to bed, faith, before noon!

To London Pa sent her, when bloom was regain'd,
Invi'late her maidenhead there she maintain'd;
For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,
So gain'd a good husband, her husband a hum.

Miss *nicely* observed, *wastly wulgar 's this word,*
Immensely indelicate, monsterous absurd;
Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself snug,
You confess'd—without loving—life's all a humbug.

The wanton wife often, too often, I fear,
Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse *deer;*
And enjoys the sweet cheat, as stolen pleasures she hugs,
How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

But husband at home, as few married men wish,
Fal de roll, toll loll,
To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,
Doll de roll, &c.
Makes a meal with her maid, the thing publicly known is,
A *tête-à-tête* feast, call'd the *Lex Talionis.*
Fal de roll, &c.

THE COMET.

Tune—*Should I once become great, what a business 'twould be.*

HAD I old Homer here, I would make that wretch see,
Quoth Venus, whom 'tis he abuses;
What business has any verse-monger with me?
Their prudes let them stick to—the Muses.—
And so I was wounded by rough Diomede?
A pretty dress'd up sort of story;
See Jupiter smiles—but, Papa, now, indeed,
'Tis not for your honour and glory.

Why will you permit these mortality frights
What Olympus has plann'd to review?
Don't suffer such reptiles to creep out at nights
T' observe what we deities do.
Immensely impertinent 'twas, you must own,
My *transit* to see, and expose it;
Because, t'other day, I just drove out of town,
Their spectacles peep'd in my closet.

A moment Jove laid his bright dignity down,
And let laughter illumine his face;
To his daughter replied—" Cytherea, a frown
" Becomes not the empress of grace.
" Those atoms of clay which you see to and fro
" Skip about on yon globular crust,
" Like the blue on a plum, are but insects, you know,
" A mere animalculous dust.

" Those emmets, 'tis true, scientifical prate,
" A race of half-reasoning elves,
" Who all can account, as they think, for my state,
" Yet know not the state of themselves.
" They pretend to examine eternity's rules—
" The cause of all causes dispute;
" I'll show you these arrogant earth-worms are fools,
" And thus all their systems confute."

Away, at his word, the vast comet rush'd forth,
And swift through immensity blazed,
Yet attraction went on, though it girdled the earth—
On earth how the star-peepers gazed!
Each circled and circled a scheme of his own,
And reason'd about and awry;
In derision, a moment, immortals look down,
'Twas a jest for the sons of the sky.

Be humble, ye beings of feeble threescore,
Shall *finites*—infinity scan?
The best of us only are men, and no more—
And, at best, only think what is man!
A contrary mixture of pity and scorn,
Pride, servility, sorrow, and mirth;
In a moment he's made, in a moment he's born,
In a moment again he is earth.

Sons of Error, for that's all the birthright ye share,
As ev'ry day's actions make known;
No longer let vanity gaze into air,
But think of itself and look down.—
Yet hold!—let us think—to look down, did I say?
I did so—and so seize my cup;
Come, do as I do, and I'll show you the way,
The best way, my lads, to look up.

THE BLOOD.

Tune—*Tars of old England.*

YE learn'd of the age,
Each artist, each sage,
Ye speakers at famed Robin Hood,
Describe, or decline,
Or derive, or define,
What the character is of a blood.

Macaronies so neat,
Pert Jemmies so sweet,
With all their effeminate brood;
Free-masons so shy,
Choice spirits so high,
Are kick'd out of doors by a blood.

If making a bet,
Or if taking a whet,
Or if beating the rounds he thinks good,
Who dare to oppose,
Will be pluck'd by the nose,
With a—Dam'me, sir, a'n't I a blood?

If the constable queer,
And the watch should appear,
His riots to quell, if they could,

Without compliment,
Out of window they 're sent,
And that is fine fun for a blood.

He laughs at old Nick,
Calls religion a trick,
And his argument can't be withstood;
'Tis a bet or an oath,
But most commonly both,
As to reason—what 's that to a blood?

As we have but our day,
Even bloods must decay,
He would keep it up still if he could;
But his manor 's fore-closed,
And his honour exposed,
He must die as he lived—like a blood.

To retrench, would be base,
To repent, a disgrace;
So he acts just as geniuses should:
By a med'cine of lead,
Warm applied to his head,
He cures the disease of a blood.

DO THE SAME.

Tune—*How d'ye do.*

[ARK ANTONY gave up the world for a girl,
nd he who would not do the same is a churl;
o the same! that 's the thing;—do not think me
to blame:
'a bumper I drink, will not you do the same?

ut what do you think that I mean by all this?
'hy *evil to them* who imagine amiss.

or miss, luck is all; are the lucky to blame?
, no, do but win—we would all do the same.

.e dainty-fed dame, in unpinn'd dishabille,
› the swain of her sighs upon tiptoe will steal;
›luptuously welcomes the sense-piercing kiss,
nd gives up her soul to the dangerous bliss.

Vhile soft broken murmurs betray her delight,
The rustling leaves play through the still of the night,
As if to her tremblings they kept time and tune;
Above mildly shone, in pale splendor, the moon.

Lady Luna, down-looking, the luscious scene sees,
Withdrew her beams, blushing, from silver-topp'd trees;
In a cloud veils her face, crying out, "fie for shame!"
To Endymion drives off,—and with him does the same.

'Tis Hypocrisy's humour, the *ton* of the times,
To lay on our neighbours the load of our crimes;
The failings of friends we to Slander proclaim,
But sink our own sinnings,—won't you do the same?

Reason ne'er had the head-ache, no toasts he'll approve;
Reason ne'er had the heart-ache—he ne'er was in love.
But poor honest Instinct, he 's always to blame,
For he'll drink and he'll love, and—why we do the same.

My country! my country! that phrase cannot fail;
'Tis the bait voters bite at, the tub for the whale;
Distinction, on each side, is only a name;
For this side and that side,—both sides do the same.

Let us, without blaming or this side or that,
Only keep to our own side, and mind what we're at:
I would be at something, but what, I won't name,
Yet to toast it I'll teach you, and drink to the same.

Your sentiment, Decency, give it to me,—
The Quaker's address, *Friend*,—I drink unto thee:
So here's to't and to thee; and pray who's to blame?
Why him—can you find him?—who won't do the same.

LOVE AND WINE'S PARTNERSHIP.

Tune,
No more let us trouble our heads 'bout the state.

IT was as one morning on Ida Jove shone,
All frantic the Queen of Love flew in,
Her arms she expanded, embracing his throne,
Saying, Sire, oh save me from ruin!
For justice Dione to Jupiter prays,
They abandon my temples and shrine, sir;
That sot and his sots have extinguish'd my blaze,
And drown'd Beauty's altars in wine, sir.

By Styx, but 'tis false, jolly Bacchus replied;
Such slander I'll never endure, ma'am.
Love's pains to assuage men that many things tried,
In me only met with their cure, ma'am.
Your ignorant urchin, your booby, is blind,
And scatters his arrows at random;
The heart they mislead, and they madden the mind;
'Tis wine which alone can withstand 'em.

Where is it? th' Olympical grand called out,
Young Semele bumper'd champaign, sir;
Full nimbly the genius brush'd it about.—
Quoth Monarch, I'll drink again, sir.

So laying his lightning's artillery down,
His tresses imperially shaking,
To Venus put on a majestical frown,
Saying, Certainly you are mistaken.

Mistaken, papa?—Miss, pray, hold your tongue,
You 'd better—Jove thunder'd to Venus;
'*Pon onner*, she pertly replied, you are wrong—
Celestials, be judges between us.
Go, Mercury, summon the states of the sky,—
Thus order'd lord chancellor Jove, sir.
At Ida's Exchequer this suit they shall try;
Decreeing for Wine or for Love, sir.

Their worships went on the Cyprian cause,
Unarray'd, Beauty figur'd before 'em;
What liking of lips, what hums, and what hahs!
What peeping there was 'mong the quorum!
The Patron of Vines saw 'twould go for the wench,
Unless that a dust he could kick up,
Tipp'd Hermes the wink, and they bumper'd the bench,
Till the court only chorus'd a hickup.

With eyelids half closed, one attempted at speech,
But wind overcharged his expression;
My *opin—nin—nin—nin*—but bump on his breech
He squatted, and snored out the session.
Apollo was chairman, in full buckled wig,
For that day, being Juno's physician,
Smelt cane, stroked his chin, used hard words, and look'd big,
As became his right worship's condition.

The Statutes, quoth he, the Statutes at Large,
Ay, and small too, declare Coram Nob.—
But head was too heavy to hold out the charge,
It dropp'd, and down fell his full bob.

An emblem of what often happens below,
  Stupidity office disgraces;
For Folly has friends, and too many we know—
  And we know the wise folks too want places.

Now Bacchus and Venus agreed 'twixt themselves
  Altercation hereafter to smother;
At Dulness to laugh, though 'mong dignified elves,
  And friendly assist one another.
But now mind the moral: 'Tis clever to think
  And think too about something clever;
Since wine make us love, and since love make us drink,
  Here's Drinking and Loving for ever.

COURTSHIP.

Tune—*To all ye ladies now at land.*

LET others sing of flames and darts,
  And all Love's lullaby;—
Of crying eyes, and cracking hearts—
  The deuce a bit will I.
If you are willing, I 'm so too,
If not—why there 's no more to do.
  With fa, la, la.

Should you expect, in Sorrow's guise,
  I 'll wear a woful face,
Such maudlin mumm'ry I despise,
  Mine is no love-sick case;
'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine,
Then whim to whim, and yours to mine.

Or if you think in golden rain,
  Like Jove, I 'll pave my way,
Such expectations are but vain,
  I 've only this to say,—

You've something which I would be at;
I've something too—*so tit* for *tat*.

Your taste, your talk, I may admire,
And praise, with truth, your face;
Your sparkling eyes that speak desire,
And give expression grace.
Yet there's a . . . . but I'll not be bold,
Nor say, what's better *took* than *told*.

Well kens the lass that I would win,
And well I ken the road;
He that is out would fain be in,
A patriot *à-la-mode:*
As you're my sov'reign, grant me grace,
I only ask a little place.

Least said, they say, is mended soon,
With you I'll not dispute;
Ill tastes the long requested boon,
'Tis sweet, when short's the suit.
Then grant, with grace, the grace I sue,
Or let me, without grace, fall to.
With fa, la,

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Tune—*While waves rebound from Albion'*

YE hardy sons of Honour's land,
Where Freedom Magna Charta plann'd,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
When! when will you be fre

SONGS.

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,
But sing an independent song,
Since ministers must be withstood,
And patriots are but flesh and blood,
I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from scribbler's
Disturb the heads of honest men,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
The trash of temporising slaves,
Who earn their daily bread as knaves,
Heedless which side may rise or fall,
The ready money—that 's their all,
Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,
And jolly join—God save the King,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
As honest Instinct points the way,
Our King, our Country, we obey;
Yet pay to neither side our court,
But liberty in both support,
As men who should be free.

Assist, uphold your church and state,
See great men good, and good men gre
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
Shun Party, that unwelcome guest,
No tenant for a Briton's breast.
Forget, forgive, in Faction's spite,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
Then, then, my friends, you

Ye sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,
To heroes long enshrined in graves

A requiem let us sing;
I Alfred, Henry, Edward name,—
Then William, our deliverer, came.
May future ages Brunswick own,
Perpetual heir to England's throne,
So here 's God save the King.

THE VISION.

Tune,

As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day.

AS home I return'd, it was late in the day,
Through Westminster Abbey, I knew, was my way,
And there I beheld, or believe that I saw,
A terrible spectre, with teeth-wanting jaw.
The figure was frightful, as you may suppose,
His sockets were eyeless, and never a nose.

I, trembling, address'd him with—Sir, I presume
Your worship is walking from *Nightingale's* tomb?
As Milton observes, so he grinn'd for a smile,
And, stalking off, beckon'd me down the dark aisle,
"But faith I wont follow," and loudly I spoke,
Then took to my heels, and I tumbled—and woke.

My joy could you guess, when, recover'd, I spied
My girl sweetly sleeping, and warm by my side;
Such lips! such a neck! then her cheeks had a hue
Like roses just moist with the summer morn's dew
I press'd her close to me, nay, held her too tight,
For faith I was scarcely escaped from my fright.

Awaking, she tenderly call'd out, My dear!
What ails you? you shake so, you're not well, I fe
What pleasure this is though, quoth me to my
To have Love alive here instead of that elf!

With rapture I fell on the dear creature's face,
With rapture the fond one return'd my embrace.

Let fribbles with beauty as fribbles behave,
And Pedantry boast, he is no passion's slave.
Let Pride, folly-teeming, lure dress-loving elves,
To scorn the enjoyment of all—but themselves.
Such *things* we despise, and them only approve,
Whose hearts' esteem ripens from friendship to love.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Tune,
Had I but the way to turn some things to gold.

ASTROLOGERS lately a bustle have made,
How round the sun Venus could dance it,
With *optic*, *catoptric*, *dioptric* parade,
To spy how genteel was her transit.
Between you and I, though, 'twas *mal-à-propos*,
T' examine a fine woman's actions,
For were we to look among ladies below,
What frays it would make, and what fractions!

Good-lack how they look'd at this wonderful sight.—
A wonderful sight! but what is it?
When all came to all, and when all came to light,
Love's regent paid Neptune a visit.
Bedew'd by the salt-water spray as she rose,
To Apollo her beautyship run *,
Intending to dry her Olympical clothes,
So stood between us and the sun.

While pointing your glasses, and winking each way,
Inquisitives, what do you see?

---

* *Run* pro *ran*, for the rhyme take.

Does th' empress of joy, now, friends, honestly say,
Wear garters above, or 'low knee?
A fig for the farce of your schemes and your scrolls,
Eclipses indeed ye may show,
But as to each orb which high over us rolls,
Not an inch past your noses ye know.

Into ditch Thales fell, with his telescope geer,
At midnight would star-gazing roam,
When brought back bedaub'd, all his spouse said, was, "Dear,
"You had better observe things at home."
If husbands who ramble, this maxim would mind,
And put it but once to the proof,
Observe things at home; go but home and they 'll find,
At home they have business enough.

MARIA.

Tune—*Ianthe lovely, the joy of the plain.*

ONE day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight, I remember it yet.
As the meadow we cross'd, to avoid the town's crowd,
The sun seem'd eclipsed by a black spreading cloud,
Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain over head.

Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath,
Then, sighing, she cried, "Lord! I 'm frighted to death;
"Suppose, now, by any one I should be seen?
"Nay, nay, now—nay, pray now—dear—what do you mean?
"Had I thought you would be half so rude—fie! for shame!
"*I wish* I 'd been wet to the skin ere I came.

" You will have a kiss then!—why, take one or two!
" I beg you won't tease me!—Lord! what would
you do?
" You 'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a
man!
" I will hold your hands though!—ay, do if you
can.
" Is this your love for me?—is this all your care?
" I 'll never come near you again,—now I swear!

As she push'd me away, Love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize;
Her face changed, alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low.
Such beauty!—but more of that scene was not
shown,
For Decency here bid her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up the yet love-looking fair,
Crying, hark! there 's one listens—do look out, my
dear;
I must be bewitch'd, I 'm sure, to come here.
My things, how they 're rumpled!—Lord! let me
begone,
What have you been doing?—and what have I done?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?
I 'm ruin'd—I never myself can forgive—
I 'll leap in the brook—for I 'm sure I can't live!—
If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
Unless here to-morrow you 'll give me relief.

[illegible] my toast, you n
'Tis *courtship's coalition*.
When two parties close embrace,
And separation smother,
He is upright in his place,
And downright is the other.

Whether 'tis to rise or fall,
Yet still his time improving,
In the Cockpit at Whitehall,
The best of measures moving.
Outs will sometimes *ins* become,
'Twixt both sides bold he ventur
Pushing things with vigour home,
Administration enters.

Certain of a strong support,
Each op'ning he embraces,
All the time he stays at court
His friends preserve their places.
The members he depends upon,
When placed in proper station,
The *star* above [illegible]

Ministers may places fill,
I buy none, nor am selling;
A thatch'd house, underneath the hill,
Is what I choose to dwell in.
Though it has no high-rais'd roof,
Yet prospects can command, sir;
Not so low, but room enough
For me upright to stand, sir.

On the hill, along the dale,
I sometimes turn a rover,
Then, within the mossy vale,
I slily creep to cover.
There's the sport, and that's the spot,
'Tis Pleasure's wild plantation.
Lest the toast should be forgot,
Here's *Love's association.*

FAIR PLAY.

Tune—*When the Nymphs were contending for beauty and grace.*

FRIENDS, Britons, and countrymen, heed what you say;
Let Englishmen ever show all folks fair play:
Look up, and reflect, ere ye dare to despise;
We are all sons alike of one Lord of the skies.

Does He give to the savage, the Turk, or the Jew,
The Indian, or Catholic, less than to you?
But Prejudice blinds us, that mind-madd'ning elf,
We all would be wiser than Wisdom itself.

The unfeeling base deny Sorrow a tear,
Vulgarities dare at Deformity sneer;
Though pity 'tis true, but observance will find
The term vulgar takes in two-thirds of mankind.

We wrangle, we ridicule, laugh, and despair,
Then rashly our, what we call, *reasons* declare;
Illib'ral on customs and countries decree,
And sentence each being t' other side sea.

At Scotsmen we spurn, and at Irishmen sneer,
Partiality, pr'ythee a word in your ear—
With looks of contempt other nations you view,
With equal injustice they thus deride you.

Hospitality, somehow, was banish'd from town,
Good-nature inquired where Welcome was flown;
By Faction drove off, she returns here no more,
Contentedly settled on Ireland's shore.

For the Scots—if we suffer not Party to rate,
There are wise men among 'em, and good men
and great:
Where'er merit is found, give that merit its due—
To praise the praiseworthy adds merit to you.

To oblivion consign those distinctions of soil.
Distinction among men all born in one isle?
The same sea encircles our shores with its tide—
What creation unites thus shall clamour divide?

Here's to all the good fellows, in every degree,
Who dare do as we do, drink, think, and speak free;
And here's to those lasses who liberty prove,
And pledge from their hearts this toast, *Freedom
in love.*

CIRCE.

Tune—*I have a tenement to let.*

CIRCE was a precious piece,
A plague upon the gipsy,

SONGS.

She doled out drink somewhere i
And made her tenants tipsy;
And then each filthy, swinish sot,
Engend'ring 'mong her devils,
Upon those obscene imps begot
A harpy spawn of evils.

The fiend Corruption first brough
Dust-licking Adulation;
A second demon harass'd earth
With Party's altercation.
The hag Deceit a reptile bred,
Call'd Infamy, the pander;
A third and fourth were brought
Of Insolence and Slander.

So fertile were th' infernal race,
Each day new monsters prowlin
Base Perjury with rank grimace,
And Envy ever howling;
Servility, with worthless Pride,
Debauch with poison'd diet,
Swoln Gluttony, by Scurvy's side
A faction form'd for Riot.

Awhile these implings croak'd ab
Till startling Madam Circe,
She order'd all the vermin out,
Nor to her own show'd mercy.
Absurdity with Malice went,
Ingratitude with Lewdness,
Scurrility with Discontent,
And Ridicule with Rudeness.

Their bastard brood the demons l
Along the mid-air flitting,
And found at last a welcome shoi
Where Bribery was sitting.

Ambition hail'd them on their way,
And gave them his directions;
His agents took them into pay,
Then sent them to elections.

CHASTITY.

Tune—*Good people I'll tell you no rodomontade.*

I WONDER, quoth dame, as her spouse she embraces,
How strumpets can look, how they dare show their faces,
And those wicked wives who from husband's arms fly,
Lord! where do they think they must go when they die?

But, next day, by husband with 'prentice boy caught,
When she from the bed was to toilet-glass brought,
Her head he held up, with this gentle rebuke—
My dear! you was wishing to know how whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
What faces jades wear; then, my dear, behold me;
Your features confess the adulteress clear,
My visage exhibits how cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad wives go? why, really, my chick,
You must, with the rest of them, go to Old Nick!
Yet Beelzebub don't such damn'd tenants disown,
For bad wives, he knows, make a hell of their own.

All the world would be wed, if the clergy could show
Any rule in the service to change I for O:
How happy the union of marriage would prove,
Not long as we live join'd, but as long as we love!

At his feet she sunk down, sorrow lent her such moans,
That Resentment was gagg'd by her tears and her tones.
What could hubby do then? what could hubby do?
But, sympathy-struck, as she cried, he cried too.

Oh! Corregio! could I Sigismunda design,
Or exhibit a Magdalen, Guido, like thine,
I would paint the fond look which the penitent stole,
That pierced her soft partner, and sunk to his soul.

Transported to doting! he raised the distress'd,
And tenderly held her long time to his breast;
On the bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the breach there was closed the same way it was made.

THE GRISKIN CLUB.

Tune—*A toper I love as my life.*

OF griskins I sing,
They 're a feast for a king;
Kings, Homer says, dress'd their own messes;
Achilles, the hot,
Always hung on the pot,
Patroclus, he garnish'd the dishes.

By the poets of old,
Apicius, we're told,
Was an eater among the antiques;
Though his taste it was fine,
Yet like us could not dine,
For no griskins were cook'd 'mong the Greeks.

'Mong the Greeks?—well, I know, man,
Apicius was Roman,

See, no critic's rod am I risking:
Not of Roman, nor Greek,
But of Britons I speak,
And Britons who boast of their griskin.

Trimalchio's stuff,
And the French *Dartineuf*,
Had almost good eating abolish'd;
Sardanap'lus was great,
And Lucullus could treat,
Yet never a griskin demolish'd.

One emp'ror took pains
To make ragouts of brains;
But how were those dishes compounded?
It was done long ago,
For at present I know
Our cooks would be greatly confounded.

Come, lads, hark away!
Hunt the bottle to-day,
At night, boys, to beauty high over:
Be this understood,
May our griskins prove good,
When, as grisks, we leap into Love's cover.

JACK TAR'S SONG.

Tune—*A begging we will go.*

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be;
Our can is full, we pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.
And a sailing we will go.

Fine miss at dancing-school is taught
The minuet to tread;

But we go better when we 've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

The jockey 's call'd to horse, to horse!
And swiftly rides the race;
But swifter far we shape our course
When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers;
As loud we halloo, when we send
A broadside to Mounseers.

The what 's-their-names at uprores squall,
With music fine and soft;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft!

With gold and silver streamers fine,
The ladies rigging show;
But English ships more *grander* shine
When prizes home we tow.

What 's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts, or our wives,
And thus, my boys, hoist sail for more—
Thus passes sailors' lives.
And a sailing we will g

PREJUDICE.

Tune,

Without you will promise, nay, swear to be t

INGRATITUDE'S crime worse than witch
is named—
A neglect to repay what we owe;

Of such an omission we must be ashamed—
I 'm ashamed such omission to show.

But when the alarm of an earthquake was spread,
All London seem'd running away;
Unsafe the fine gentleman fancied his bed,
And tumbled out, trembling, to pray.

No Sunday-throng'd routs then politeness disgraced,
But each to the temple repairs;
The delicate, dress'd most immensely in taste,
Attempted to spell out their prayers.

Under beds, into cellars, up chimneys, in shoals,
As rabbits to burrows will fly,
The free-thinkers ran, they believed then in souls,
And, blubbering, begg'd not to die.

And when Apprehension had labour'd in vain,
And Safety stopp'd penitent's din,
Religion was quitted, for seven is the main,
'Tis church-time, my dear, we 'll cut in.

Before that Rebellion at Culloden fled,
Pale Terror took towns in the south;
Laugh seem'd to want Mirth, nay, Debauch sneak'd to bed,
And Clamour was down in the mouth.

Then soldiers were welcomed as soldiers should be,
Nay, embraced as the props of the land;
And Englishmen, grateful, from prejudice free,
Shook bra' bonny Scots by the hand.

But since—may His memory Britons preserve,
Who gave to invasion defeat—
In peace we permit our own soldiers to starve,
And can't bear a Scotchman should eat.

Ere Mahomet could the Turk's mission begin,
Arch Gabriel came down as his guest,
He purified Mecca's professor from sin,
Extracting a speck from his breast.

That spot we are born with, 'tis Jealousy's core,
Mortality's pain and disgrace;
Pluck it out, and, to hinder its hurting us more,
Emulation apply in its place.

FREEDOM.

Tune—*Betsy Bell and Mary Gray.*

COME, neighbours, neighbours, drink about,
Have done with Party's pother,
List not, ye lads, to Uproar's rout,
On one side nor on t' other.
The winners laugh, the losers rail,
Thus Faction ever dins, sir;
Insanity tells Folly's tale,
The outs will at the ins, sir.

Oh, Common Sense! once more descend,
To save this isle from sinking,
Be once again Britannia's friend,
And set her sons to thinking.
No more by knaves let us be school'd,
But teach us how to read 'em,
Nor let well-meaning men be fool'd
By privilege and freedom.

Where's Freedom?—point out how and when
We have enjoy'd that bounty?
When Magna Charta—ay, amen—
But tell me where's her county?
Why, where our property's secured,
Where Liberty possessing;—

Then, brother Britons, be assured,
The Game Act is a blessing.

Loved Liberty! celestial maid!
Which way shall we address thee?
You're England's Genius, it is said,
And Englishmen possess thee.
We boast too much about this fair,
For, nightly though we toast her,
I would not have you, friends, despair,
But, faith, I fear we've lost her.

Like Hamlet's ghost, 'twas here! 'tis gone!
And only to be guess'd at;
As maidenheads, when lost and won,
Are what the winners jest at.
In vain the goddess opes her arms,
No more her arms we're wooing;
Licentiousness has harlot's charms,
Which tempt to our undoing.

Wit, beauty, sciences, and arts,
Are all become dependent;
We're neither free in heads nor hearts,
We're slaves, and there's an end on't.
It was, and ever will be so,
Each fetter'd to some folly;
And—all the liberty we know
Is—drink! and let's be jolly.

THE SPECIFIC.

Tune,

Though I with one love would be always content.

THOUGH newspapers puff every nostrum to town,
What nostrum is like the grape's juice?

No chymical liquor that turns red to brown,
No *baume de vie*, nor *eau de luce*.
As to *rouge*, the rank practice, alas! is so rife,
The beauty of health it consumes;
But wine is the volatile spirit of life,
And brightens our natural blooms.

The Balsam of Honey a tickling cough stops,
To Maredant the scurvy submits;
There's what's his name's wonderful VipernePDrops,
And Henry for hysteric fits;
But physic, like music, bears fashion's decree,
Of modish distempers they tell us;
Licentiates, or not so, yet every M. D.
Pronounces us *narvous* or bilious.

Pour wine into wounds, you'll be cured in a jerk,
Religious that text to pursue,
Whene'er my mind 's wounded, I draw a long cork,
Sometimes my prescription is two.
The doctor's a dunce, down the sink dash the slops,
Those pipes we are going to start 'em;
Just draw off a glass, they are Bacchus's drops,
The mixture is *secundum artem*.

As to cuckoldom—that is a hurt to the head—
If wives will be harlots, why let 'em;
An absorbent we find in a bottle of red,
An opiate by which we forget them.
Philosophers say—but a fig for their saws—
Such water-chill'd maxims disown 'em;
Their efficients, I prove, are *deficient* in cause,
When I've my Scot's pint, *magnum bonum*.

Wine makes—ay, what won't it? it makes right and wrong,
'Tis Love, Wit, and Truth's ventilator,

At once it locks up the most voluble tongue,
  At once turns a mute to a prater.
If fond of a fair, wine this magic will show,
  Make but, like an artist, your trial;
In her it will silence the nerves which say no,
  And raise you above a denial.

More or less to the scurvy all men are a prey,
  Quoth this, that, and t'other physician;
More or less we 're all mad, I will venture to say,
  And the world 's in a scurvy condition.
Good wine makes good blood, and good blood keeps us sound,
  So *recipe tantum sufficit;*
For madness, my friends, since the remedy 's found,
  Let none be so mad as to miss it.

THE MASQUERADE, OR, LABOUR IN VAIN.

Tune—*Masks all.*

ONCE Jupiter's lady, call'd Juno the Scold,
At toilet imagined herself to look old;
In a pet put a veil on to hide her disgrace,
Then schemed how each beauty should shadow her face.
  Sing tantararara masks all.

First England review'd, there, amased, Madam saw
Many faces and forms without failure or flaw;
Then others discover'd, whose features were spread,
All tasty, all pasty, with caustics of lead.

Those last pleased the queen, who declared, with a smile,
The folly of fashion should lead in this isle;
The great gifts of Jove they were duped to despise,
And natural beauty by art they disguise.

'Tis an empire, she said, of dress, drinking, and
song;
Of bathing—because we are bit by *bon ton;*
Her scheme, she foretold, would succeed with the
town,
For whatever 's imported must always go down.

A card flew to Pan, who was skill'd in these mat-
ters,
To model some masks from the portraits of satyrs;
Of Proserpine ask'd Merry Andrew's shade;
Without a buffoon there is no masquerade.

Pale Miss Affectation was order'd, in haste,
To dress up the phantom, and call the thing Taste:
Then taught it to talk, just one phrase and no more,
Do you know me? it squeak'd, Do you know me?
encore.

'Twas the thing, for 'twas foreign, it must be adored;
It gagg'd deposed Wit; when will Wit be restored?
When Englishmen—(thus it was truth bade me say,)
Will show to their own understandings fair play.

The world is no more than one vast masquerade,
Where, by best concealments, best fortunes are made;
But why should Plain Dealing pretend to complain,
Reformation to labour is—labour in vain.
Sing tantararara masks all.

MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

Tune—*Shanbuy.*

THOUGH Austria and Prussia, France, Flanders,
and Russia,
Have heroes who claim an attention;

On the long list of Fame, as I look'd at each name,
A Briton I thought she should mention.
A man among men,
Who was worthy her pen,
Nor could she doubt who must the man be;
As I saw not the whole,
She unfolded the scroll,
And on top stood the Marquis of Granby.

Old Time shook his scythe, as he tottering stood by,
His iron-teeth dreadfully grated;
Yet the sad-looking crone clear'd his brow from a frown,
When Fame had my business related.
The cheeks of the churl
With a smile seem'd to curl,
And cheerfully answering as can be,
Say, single-lock'd seer,
"Sir, this point's pretty clear,
"We all loved the Marquis of Granby."

"By order of Fate I was bid to translate
"That hero to happier station;
"The trumpet of Fame shook the air to proclaim
"Her Granby's beatification.
"He shines now a star,
"Near the planet of war."
Illustrious soldier, befriend us,
Be thy influence our shield,
And, when dared to the field,
May thy martial spirit attend us.

Grief, away with your tears, see, his lineage appears,
We remember those looks, and adore 'em;
They shall live in our love, and, my life on't, they prove
As brave as the brave man before 'em.

What more can we say?
But the Granby's huzza!
Encore! loud and loud as loud can be;
To the brim fill it up,
It is Gratitude's cup,
Off it goes, to the offspring of Granby.

CONCLUSION OF THE HUMBUG.

To the same Tune.

THE sages of old, and the learn'd of this day,
Fa, la, la.
About life and living have said and will say,
Fa, la, la.
About and about it, about and about,
They every thing say, but can make nothing out.
Fa, la, la.

Rail on if you please, when the knowing-ones win,
Yet half the world strives to take t'other half in;
But all the games concluded, and loss and gain
summ'd,
Both biters and bubbles are equally humm'd.

Let those who will hunt after Fame, and such
dreams,
Break their rest, necks, or hearts, in the chase of
those schemes;
Should they what they wish to be ever become,
They will find all they long'd for, alas! but a hum.

By terror of parents, or tempted by gain,
The lady resigns to some jessamy swain;
When husbands such delicate creatures become—
When husbands!—no, no! for 'tis there lies the humm.

When Beauty, all brilliant, shines queen of the ring,
Such grace, and such taste, and such—oh! she's
the thing!
How happy her husband!—he may be—but mum,
For sometimes such happiness is but a hum.

What a rout 'mong the rich at an only son's birth,
And what a parade when papa's put in earth;
Go cast up, who pleases, Felicity's sum,
From birth unto burial the total's a hum.

The profit of life is out-balanced by cost,
Fa, la, la.
Joy ever must be in satiety lost:
Fa, la, la.
It is—it has slipp'd me, what 'tis I 'd be at,
So a bumper I 'll drink—there's no humbug in that.
Fa, la, la.

MY NOSE.

Tune—*An ass, an ass.*

WHILE people call'd poets, in blank verse, or
rhyme,
Pindarics or epics compose,
And celebrate heroes in sonnets sublime,
The fact is, simply—my nose.

The large nose and long one, thereby hangs a tale,
A tail the old scholiasts suppose;
Ex noscitur naso—but proverbs may fail,
I find it, in faith, by my nose.

The boys of Conceit blushing Merit deride,
For coxcombs are Modesty's foes;
I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride
To move such a muscular nose.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our animal clay,
For quick'ning to æther he rose;
I fear that some 'prentice, when he was away,
A little aside shoved my nose.

I presume,—but, perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,
I even presume to suppose,
I should set myself up in the song-singing way,
When I ought to set down with my nose.

My song therefore ends, now a toast with your leave—
May Wisdom our councils compose,
May Britons be friends, and forget and forgive,
And as faction each turn up his nose.

THE LONDON HUNT.

Tune—*Come rouse, brother sportsmen, &c.*

THOUGH far from the field sports, we will field sports apply,
Hark! hark! social sportsmen, hark forward and try,
Nor think we want game, though we're settled in town—
Its follies are game, which we here will hunt down.

We break cover first, and throw off 'mong the great,
By babblers surrounded, call'd flatt'rers of state;
Whip them off, for they're vermin, unworthy a chase,
Their patrons' dishonour, and Bounty's disgrace.

Like pageants, the Nimrods of nabobs behold!
'Midst all they have purchased by strange-gotten gold;
Though large packs of livery couples they own,
When Conscience starts up, can they all hunt it down?

In French varnish'd chariots see quacks drawn along,
Like Death looking down on their victims—the throng;
With tales of their med'cines each paper abounds—
Hunt their nostrums,—no, no! they would poison our hounds.

Disappointment against the successful exclaims,
And Envy will always make Uproar call names.
Those pests of the public to Clamour make court—
To kennel such curs, for they only spoil sport.

The *outs* 'gainst the *ins* will for ever take aim,
And ministers must be the multitude's game;
'Tis tempests and tides which preserve the pure sea,
We soon should be stagnate if all should agree.

Beat about for fresh sport, through yon Hall let us draw,
It abounds in black game, and that game is the law;
Call the dogs off, I say, there have nothing to do,
If you meddle with them, they 'll soon turn and hunt you.

We 're *at fault*, but whose is it? come, sportsmen, try back,
Hark to Honesty, that 's the prime hound in our pack;
We are all sound and staunch, for a brisk *burst* prepare,
Tallo! 'tis a bumper—fill free and drink fair.

Here 's the queen of our hunt, 'tis Britannia 's our boast;
Old England for ever! let that be the toast:
See a fresh bottle starts, one view hollow—hussa!
The *fox brush*, and *beauty's brush*, brush them away.

THE MAN.

Tune—*How pleasant the meads were, how joyful the scene.*

IT is he who's unawed by the sound of a name,
Yet harbours no hate in his breast;
What his betters may do he pretends not to blame,
As he hopes they do all for the best.
To the king he is just, to his country he's true,
And true to his friend and his glass;
A sportsman who always with spirit comes through,
And ne'er baulk'd a leap, nor a lass.

No office he flatters, compounds with no cheat,
But ever takes Honesty's part;
Compassion awaits on his Justice's seat,
And Charity tenants his heart.
When a love-laden lass with contrition appears,
For girls are ensnared like the game;
His tenderness turns not away from her tears,
His pity prevents her from shame.

To game-acts he fancies our liberty yields,
So sets their inflictions aside;
Protection allows not to vermin in fields,
Which is to the freeborn denied.
Suppose a young idler at birds should take aim,
Or puss take, perhaps, in a snare,
Must Englishmen's birthright be forfeit for game,
And man made a slave for a hare?

If sticks from the hedge of his honour are found
In the lap of the big-bellied poor,
While sleet fills the air, and deep snow's on the ground,
And Misery groans at the door,—

Humanity tells him to seek out the cause,
Which prompted Distress to turn thief;
Convinced 'twas mere Want, he awakes not the laws,
But stops future crimes by Relief.

This, this is the man, uncorrupted he stands,
To Baal who ne'er bow'd the knee;
Unmortgaged, enjoys all his ancestor's lands,
And ever lived debtless and free.
Yes, yes, this is he, this the man to my mind,
The man whom no party can snare;
Shall I tell you, my friends, where this man you may find?
I would—if I could but tell where.

THE AUCTION.

Tune,
Pho! pox on this nonsense, I prithee give o'er.

I'LL strive to sing something, yet would not do wrong;
Will you please to accept of a common-place song?—
This world's like an auction for selling and showing,
Truth, Friendship, and Gratitude—going! a going!

They are going!—but how? not by hammer knock'd down,—
No, no! out of taste, they must go out of town;
Such stuff would our dear Dissipation encumber,
They are shipp'd off for sea, and exported as lumber.

Preferment put up! who bids? I, I, I, I;
Such a noise it has made we the lot must put by;
At the name of Preferment if uproar is heard,
No wonder such clamour against the preferr'd.

Confusion, and eke Contradiction its mate,
Fill our heads with—I don't know what politic prate;
As all to be *in*, suppose equal pretences,
Of *innings* when balk'd, they 're out of their senses.

Yet, seriously, sirs, this world 's not so bad;
Some women are chaste, and some men are not mad;
But where do they live? 'tis not worth while to try,
They are such sort of folks other folks can't live by.

How easy is weakness by wickedness turn'd,
Unworthiness welcomed, and worthiness scorn'd!
The female sex charge not with prostitute vice,
Mankind will be bought, come but up to their price.

All men and their measures 'tis easy to see,
No parties, but parties of pleasure for me;
Let this side, or that side, on both sides be mad,
We know no distinction but *good* men and *bad*.

Will any here hesitate how they declare?
Or, toast the good people at home and elsewhere;
Their country, complexion, religion, or wealth,
We heed not, but drink to the honest man's health.

SERIOSITY.

Tune,

This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd.

WHITE Winter has left us, with all its chill train,
And fruitful Spring puts forth its buds o'er the plain;
The birds their glad welcome by warblings express,
All nature seems pleased at the change of her dress.

Let us take example, and merrily sing,
Each moment at midnight to us is new spring.

Our green cover'd table a garden for souls,
Our nosegays are bumpers we gather from bowls.

With daisies, with king-cups, the meadows are
crown'd,
But blossoms from Bacchus our verdure surround;
'Tis life—and such life too, which only bucks know,
As for Death, we can talk about him when we go.

When coffin'd, no matter to us all the fun,
The smart things we've said, or the droll things
we've done;
Future fame's all a joke—I'm for life's present
treat;
What's to come may be queer, for To-morrow's a
cheat.

'Tis certain that, one by one, all must resign
The post of true pleasure—health, women, and
wine.
Think, ladies, what life is, and living improve;
To bilk the base worms, bestow beauty on love.

As we ought, we reflect on life's pleasure and pain,
We have lived, drank, and loved, we'll repeat them
again,
While desires depend on Ability's aid—
But faculties failing—here, sexton, your spade.

I have acted from Instinct, I've lived upon Whim,
As to Prudence—I can't say I e'er drank with him;
With the sun though I've drove round the bottle
in tune,
And have labour'd all night with queen midwife
the moon.

As to sins—why, Repentance will shorten our score
The lowest have hopes, and the highest no more

We speak as we feel, and we act as we think,
And to men of such methods a bumper we 'll drink.

Here 's to those, who, like us, affectations defy,
Not spendthrifts of life, nor like misers would die:
When call'd on to pay, calmly cast up expense,
And drink their last toast—a good journey from hence.

SLEEP.

Tune—*By the gaily circling glass.*

SLEEP, thou leaden, lazy god,
What 's thy balm for Sorrow's wound?
What thy restorative rod,
Can it render wretches sound?
Not thy wand—no, no! 'tis wine,
Wine can all distress defy;
Ecce signum! here 's the sign,
Don't believe me, drink and try.

Let the restless sleep invoke,
Sleep which cicatrizes care;
Let—but, I say, sleep 's a joke,
Wine 's the dose against despair.
What we have been!—why, farewell!—
What we might be!—we 'll not think.—
What we shall be!—who can tell?
Here we are, and here we 'll drink.

When my face deep wrinkles seize,
And my head with palsy shakes;
When the gout benumbs the knees,
And the voice, once manly, breaks;
When the sunken cheeks show pale,
And the hollow eyes blear dim!
When the ear and mem'ry fail,
And unnerv'd each wither'd limb,—

Then repining, then I'll say,
Life, alas! is all a cheat!
When I've nothing left to pay,
Envious, then, abuse the treat.
Soon or late, but late's too soon,
Who will trust to-morrow may;
Thinking puts one out of tune,
Let us drink, my lads, to-day.

Day by day, and night by night,
Joyful jubilees we keep;
Life we measure by delight,
Tell me—have we time to sleep?
Present time is in our power,
And the means that time t' improve;
Taste it, 'tis Enjoyment's hour,
Pledge me, lads, in wine and love.

Let the glass and lass be kiss'd,
Let not coyness chill the scene;
To excuse or to resist,
Is high treason to Love's queen.
Pouting lips, and panting breasts,
Pressing, mingling, murmuring join;
Wine inspiring Beauty's guests,
Pledge me, lads, 'tis love and wine.

THE SQUABBLE.

Tune—*Pish the bottle about*, &c.

ON Ida one day, at Olympical feast,
The lass-loving Jove was the host, sir,
Who gaily proposing a health to the best
On Venus he fix'd for his toast, sir;

Each deity smiled as the glass went about,
But, pettishly, Pallas her bumper threw out;
She spoke not, but seem'd by her manner to doubt
The justice of toasting Miss Venus.

Then Juno broke silence, and swore by her power,
(Her face looking pale like a spectre,)
" The liquor was turning excessively sour,
" The toast gave a fust to the nectar."
Minerva maliciously seconds the queen,
" I wonder, Papa, what it is you can mean;
" Sure other celestials are sweet and as clean,
" Though not quite so common as Venus."

" Dear M'em," replies demirep Dio, and bow'd,
" Your breeding just pars your good-nature;
" But ask the gods round, and *nem. con.* 'tis allow'd,
" To all I 'm superior in feature.
" To be sure you're a prude, and enjoyment to spite,
" That ugly shield bear, as if lovers you'll fright,
" Enough they are scared, when they 've once had a sight
" Of the old maiden face of Minerva.

" Her sovereign and spouse haughty Juno may tease,
" And bed-chamber women be rating;
" And you, Miss Militia, as long as you please,
" May listen to sophisters prating;
" But I, who am Empress of Love and its laws,
" Who have from immortals and mortals applause,
" Whose beauties"—" But beauty," quoth Vulcan,
" has flaws:"
When Mars knit his brow and look'd frowning.

ove rose in a rage, as he rose, though, he reel'd,
And hiccups gave out by the hundred.

Like artists on ice, to the right and left wheel'd,
By Styx then he swore and he thunder'd:
"Two to one, Madam Ox-eye, is very foul play;
"Miss Brain-born I beg you'll dispatch and away,
"Or what Paris told me of both I shall say."
The goddesses went away grumbling.

"Come, come!" says young Bacchus, "I pray, father, have done,
"They are off, in the milky way, walking;
"We'll drink and be merry, the gossips are gone—
"Of a song brother Phœbus was talking."
Apollo began, with the help of the Nine,
The ladies returning, good-naturedly join,
Such power has music when mingled with wine,
All friendly were fuddled together.

THE PORTRAIT; OR, LA, LA, LA.

Tune—*Colin and Phœbe.*

YE bibbers who sip limpid Helicon's rill,
Ye lords of large manors on Parnassus Hill,
Allow me, a scribbler, to try at sol-fa,
And languish, in liquids, a love song, la, la.

The grubber in kennels for old iron seeks,
A grubber for thoughts scrubs the streams of the Greeks;
With stumpy quills raking each classical Spa,
To pick up some simile fragments, la, la.

I would, if I could, with the Muses make free;
But which of those sisters will listen to me?
Attraction I want, their attention to draw;
As I'm old, they'll object, that it must be, la, la.

Ye ladies of Lapland, who besoms bestride,
Or, pair'd in witch whiskeys, aslant the moon slide;
If fiends, or if friends, you have harness'd to draw,
Let me be postilion, and trot on la, la.

Ground ivy has crown'd me instead of the bays,
Right Hollands inspires my rare roundelays;
Miss Soap Suds I sing, by poetical law,
To *shifts* more than to *shirts* we are put, la, la, la.

Ye dabblers in distichs, wherever ye snore,
On flock-beds in cellars, or garretteers soar,
Arouse from your blankets, assist me to draw,
My love's half, three-quarters, and whole-length
la, la.

Her eye-brows are cross-bows, the bolts are her
looks,
With which my poor senses are knock'd down like
rooks;
Her cheeks—but who can a comparison draw?
Not carmine—no, no, she has none! 'tis la, la!

Her lips! and such lips, and such kisses they gave,
That Prudence was gagg'd, and sent off as a slave;
They found in my mind's *magna charta* a flaw,
Nonsuited my judgment, and cast me, la, la!

Her neck has great grace after meat and before;
Her legs, but, alas! I must mention no more;
For Decency, lately, has kept me in awe,
So to say any more would be, but *paw, paw, paw.*

A TOAST.

Tune—*Ye lads who approve.*

WHEN running life's race,
We gallop apace,
Each strives to be first at the post;

Mount Hope with catch-weights,
For Fame's give-and-take plates,
And pray what is Fame but a toast?

The taste of our days
Is poaching for praise,
All men of their services boast:
The ladies by dress,
The same ardour express,
Each would if she could be a toast.

Both sexes agree
Over wine to be free,
For freedom 's an Englishman's boast;
As freely we think,
So as freely we drink,
And a sentiment give for a toast.

What is life? prithee say,
But a glass and away,
While Health is our ruddy-faced host;
But when we abuse him,
We 're certain to lose him,
By taking too much of a toast.

These common-place rhimes
Suit common-place times;
Who now can of genius boast?—
Why, really I think
'Tis a science to drink,
And there 's genius in giving a toast.

Even politics fail,
Altercation grows stale,
Of what now can either side boast?
No matter to us,
All their farce and their fuss,
Deserves not the name of a toast.

The riots and routs
Of the *ins* and the *outs*,
Is only a newspaper roast;
Of cricket I sing,
In and out there's the thing,
And there I'll attempt a new toast.

May our *inning* be long,
May our *bowling* be strong,
Middle wicket I choose for my post;
Come, bumper away,
'Twixt the stumps your balls play,
And win the game *Love*—that's the toast.

THE WORLD.

Tune—*The schemes of my sex I abhor and abjure.*

THE world, and its works, which we grieve to forsake,
Are good or bad, just as we hit or mistake;
We write and we wrangle, make parties and plan,
As wise when we finish as when we began;
So let us laugh on, to be serious is sad,
A man in his senses would now be thought mad.

Our senses are bubbles in Vanity's fair,
And men-children sillily make a show there.
Each mounting his hobby-horse starts for the race,
Expects admiration, but ends in disgrace;
For so Dissipation our training has schemed,
The more we're look'd into, the less we're esteem'd.

Behold the booth's show-cloth to draw the crowd in,
The rustics are wrinkled with open-mouth grin.
Each muscle's in motion at *Andrew's* grimace,
Who tickles the throng till they push in for place.

Pray tell me what more is the world's present plan,
Than places to get in, and push who push can.

The shirtless, untrowser'd philosopher's saws,
Once obsolete Reason pretended were laws;
But Instinct turn'd rebel, so Instinct was tried,
The Passions were jurors, Not guilty! they cried.
Keep Sapience in schools, Folly now is the mode,
Truth's ways want repairing, I'll ride the new road.

My bottle's my hunter, I mount with a song,
And ti-tup about like a Sunday-hack throng.
Each raises his portion of dust for the day,
And he who's a Buck here will dust it away.
We'll laugh at the dust which is made about town,
And up with our brushers, to brush the dust down.

BEEF AND A BUMPER.

Tune—*Accept of my ditty without finding fault:*

LET those who have nothing to do but to hear,
And those who have nothing to do but to sneer,
Glean Scandal from Infamy's stubble;
Praise is but a vapour, and Censure the same;
Go ask of philosophers what they call Fame?
'Tis, *Anglicè*, Vanity's bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink itch is a crime,
Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,
Condemn'd to the penance of thinking!
For what are all similes to a sirloin,
The flowing of fountains to filling of wine?
Hussa! for good eating and drinking.

The Sapphics so soft, the Pindarics so rare,
The Epics, Iambics, and such sort of fare,

With many more names that are harder.
To turtle what signifies *Tityre tu?*
With classics I beg you'll have nothing to do,
But study the style of a larder.

Parnassus and Pegasus, cold Hippocrene,
Are words which I warrant give school-boys the spleen.
And as to the pedant Apollo,
Let him take his snuff, let his sisters drink tea,
No coxcombs I want, sir, no old maids for me,
But Bacchus and Venus I 'll follow.

The choice spirit Horace composed lyric verse,
Catullus and Ovid good scholars rehearse,
Cap, scan 'em, and conjugate clever;
My sentiments are for a sentiment toast,
And syntax abolish for baked, boil'd, and roast,
So beef and a bumper for ever!

SPRING.

Tune—*Come! pledge me love, &c.*

LOOK round, my love! how changed the scene,
So late white o'er with snow;
Now ray'd in flower-enamell'd green,
How rich the meadows show!

The sun creative power resumes,
And warms the breezy air;
The bursting buds expand their blooms,
While birds their nests prepare.

The herds and flocks on herbage feed,
Sweet spring renews its pride;
The ice-bound streams from fetters freed,
Now tinkling, roll their tide.

On leafless boughs no candied frost
In icicles appears;
But as in grief, for winter lost,
Dissolving into tears.

Thus sordid, senseless human kind
But mere existence prove,
Till Beauty's sunshine opes the mind,
And melts the mass to love.

For spite of wealth, or Power's control,
Or all the wise can say,
Till woman warms the frozen soul,
We are but clods of clay.

A WONDER.

Tune—*Since life's but a jest.*

A WONDER! a wonder! a wonder I'll show,
You'll wonder, indeed, when this wonder you know,
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low,
Which nobody can deny.

We always are wond'ring at every thing new,
The good things we wonder at rich people do,
'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true.

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout,
While some blunder in, other folks blunder out,
We wonder what blunderers can be about.

One side says the times are so good they are glad;
The times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad;
No wonder if this side or that side is mad.

For the times I some patriot changes propose,—
That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer clothes,
And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis—reflect on the taxes on wheels,
On cards, and the claret we waste at our meals;
These grievances each party equally feels.

To be sure we must own 'tis cursed provoking,
To see how some people their vices are cloking,
While Virtue—but, neighbours, don't think I am joking.

For my grandfather said, and his name is revered,
That his father's father had oftentimes heard,
How Virtue, when he was a school-boy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions;
'Twas in vain, she observed, to oppose such connexions,
As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think wrong,
I promised a wonder at first in my song,
And the wonder is—how could you listen so long?
Which nobody can deny.

THE PARADE.

Tune—*While others strive by pompous phrase.*

LET those attend who seek the choice,
Here, independent, we rejoice;
We look, we like, we meet, we part,
As instinct prompts the feeling heart.
While many groups miscall'd the great,
Surrounded by insipid state,
The health of peace abuse;
In Party's tumult, Pomp's fatigue,
Place, Popularity's intrigue,
Life's social scenes they lose.

The danglers at a birth-night's glare,
As toy-shop figures, finery wear,
Like winnow'd chaff shift to and fro,
In all the fuss and farce of show.
As flies to sunshine spread their wings,
So up and down these idle things,
In courtly sunbeams play;
The nobles smile to see the train,
Which, with a blush they must maintain,
To garnish grandeur's day.

Daughters of Dignity and Grace,
Ye high-bred dames of haughty race,
What think you, midst your diamond blaze,
Your crowded routs, and gala days?
Though sordid flatt'ry's servile grin
Extols your forms, is all within
Fit for contentment's dome?
Sisters of fashion, laugh, and love,
Though round you all the graces move,
Yet how are things at home?

Your stucco'd ceilings, emboss'd plate,
Your carpets, robes, and beds of state,
Where gold and silver Cupids wove,
Exhibit artificial love—
Can down, or fringed embroidery's art,
Affection win or warm the heart,
Or strengthen vigour's stores?
Perhaps, midst all the waste of pride,
The fribble yawns at Beauty's side,
Or sottish husband snores.

While we, as married folks should do,
On neat unvarnish'd love fall to.
Satiety ne'er bids us roam,
We find fruition's feast at home;

Beyond all mercenary charms,
Pure Inclination opes her arms,
Give Cæsar Cæsar's due;
May Friendship fill the manly breast,
And Gratitude be Beauty's guest,
And each to each be true!

HONOUR.

Tune—*Confusion to him who a bumper denies.*

OUR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all *bon repos*,
The decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we should go;
A coach, did you say? no! I'm sober and strong—
Waiter! call me a link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—
Your honour! poor Jack, sir, your honour Jack knows.
For the sake of the pence thus he'll honour me on,
Gold-dust strews the race-ground where all honour's won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked objects here lie,
Thus huddled in heaps?—Good your honour! they cry;
To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare;
Honour's phrase is necessity's common-place prayer.

Young perishing outcasts thus nightly are found,
No parishes' care, they're too poor to be own'd.
For he, in these times, would be laughed to scorn,
Who distress would assist, yet expect no return.

With courtier-like bowing the shoe-cleaners call,
And offer their brush, stool, and shining black ball;

Japanning your honour, these colourists plan,
And, really some honours may want a japan.

To varnish the taste is,—as cases from dust,
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
Nay, some ladies' faces are colour'd like blinds,
While men use japanning which masquerade minds.

Of honour, of freedom, yet England can boast,
And honour and freedom's an Englishman's toast;
May infamy ever deserters attend,
But honours crown those who our honours defend.

FOOLS'-HALL.

Tune—*The sun in virgin lustre shone*

OLD Homer nodded long ago,
And modern bards oft sleep we know;
They doze to dream, and dream to write,
'Twas thus with me the other night.
Sleeping by all somnif'rous rules,
Methought 'twas in the hall of fools,
More properly the place to call,
The learned say, it was Fools'-Hall.

There Billingsgate, with front of brass,
And Faction rode on braying ass;
While scurril' Banter leer'd along,
With face buffoon, and loll'd-out tongue.
Riot there, with mouth stretch'd wide,
On a drunkard sat astride;
Spangled Lewdness oped the ball,
And Nonsense echo'd round Fools'-Hall.

Credulity, the dupe of lies,
Stupidity in Thought's disguise;

Dulness came in hood and cowl,
Solemn as the broad-faced owl.
Quirk and Quaintness hand in hand,
In lawyer's gown and pleader's band.
On tiptoe Pride o'erlook'd them all,
While Scandal flew about Fools'-Hall.

Base scribblers arm'd with white and black,
To shine or soil, to heal or hack,
With stone-blind Ignorance stood next,
And pedants tearing Shakspeare's text.
There Prejudice the day denies,
With hands held up before his eyes;
Pert Dissipation welcomed all,
She kept it up within Fools'-hall.

With Vanity blind Zeal was pair'd;
Hypocrisy their profits shared;
Fraud, pimp-like, Superstition led,
But hoodwink'd, to Impostor's bed.
Miss Affectation made the rout,
Debauch the sick'ning feast sat out;
While doctors waited Symptom's call,
Disease's vapours fill'd Fools'-Hall.

The stupid heirs of much-muck'd land,
With wheezing gluttons throng'd the strand;
Great sport they hoped, they long'd to see,
Heedless what victim 'twas to be.
But wealthy dunces joke the best
On merit, when 'tis most distress'd;
While sots and coxcombs great and small,
Paraded, grinning round Fools'-Hall.

Plain Truth appear'd, but at the sight
They shriek'd, they could not bear the fright:
The Cry confined him in the stocks,
And Virtue proved not Orthodox.

Honour the parish pass'd away,
And Wit was gagg'd for Folly's play;
Deserted Beauty, mock'd by all,
The beadle's whip drove from Fools'-Hall.

O'erwhelm'd with what I saw, I wept,
And, happily, no longer slept;
Malice, methought, had spied my tears,
Exposing me to Party's sneers,
Who hiss'd, and shoved me through the throng;
I woke, as I was dragg'd along,—
Here women, wine, and health to all,
Who scorn the crowds which fill Fools'-Hall.

POLITICS.

Tune,

'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps it is twain.

AS an Englishman ought, I wish well to my king,
As an Englishman ought, for my country I 'll sing,
And my mind I will tell, 'tis a kingdom to me,
By his birthright a Briton dares think and speak free.

My Hearts of Oak, stoutly you call out for Freedom,
And Liberty, Property,—really we need 'em;
But don't, quite so loud, against brib'ry exclaim,
Rogues will buy,—but who sells, sir? then, pray who 's to blame!

Ye noise-making, sash-breaking, lacqueys of factions,
Ye insane disturbers, who 're bit by distractions,
Think what you 're about, when the loudest you bawl,
Not a man that you 're mad for but laughs at ye all.

ho patriots were once now are patriots no more,
id what has been, certainly may be, encore;
ay, have not some bustlers confess'd their intentions,
hey open'd their mouths until Mum popp'd in pensions.

o be wise is the word; how that word comes about
—the wise are those *in*, and the otherwise *out*;
small 's the distinction betwixt one another,
hen *Outs* become *Ins*, then they 're wiser than t'other.

he world has, without one exception, a rule,
he *rich* man 's a *wise man*, the *poor* man 's a *fool*;
nd foolish he is, faith, since money 's the test,
ho attempts not to get what will get all the rest.

ttend and depend through the year, so you may,
nd begin, waste, and end the next just the same way;
s to promise on promise, such schemes I condemn;
olks will not serve us unless we can serve them.

et us now serve ourselves, fill our glasses, fill high,
e'll laugh when we 're pleased, and we 'll drink when we 're dry;
nd we'll drink the king's health, 'tis the best toast of all—
ere 's our lord of the manor in liberty-hall.

BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

Tune,
Since artists who sue for the trophies of Fame.

DRAW the cork, the cloth 's drawn,—a toast to the king;
I presume it is meet, after meat we should sing,
For thus prescribes Galen;—"Life's health to prolong,
"Take dinner's digestive, a glass and a song."
To him the diplomists their judgments resign,
So *flat mixturam*, 'tis music and wine.

Old Homer, who, Shakspeare-like, all nature knew,
Does honour to beef, and to beef-eaters too;
He sings that the Greeks, by whom Troy town was fell'd,
In fighting and eating, all nations excell'd;
And he, for the day, who was hero in chief,
Had a double proportion, or premium of beef.

It was Cacus (some say) though that 's not orthodox,
'Twas Milo of Crotos first knock'd down an ox;
He invited all friends to his beef-eating wake,
But first, on turf altar, he offer'd a steak.
The Ethereals regaled on the odour that rose,
Says epicure Jove, such a club we'll compose.

Then call'd out for Vulcan, the god limping came,
And, ogling behind him, attended his dame;
Each deity seem'd more inclined to her mess,
Than to dine on the best dish Olympus could dress.
Jove silence proclaims, his curls awfully shakes,
And on Ida establish'd a club of *Beef-steaks*.

When Juno, that instant, a female peal rung,
In Jove's hand the bowl shook, the toast died on *his* tongue;

But commanding a cloud, like a curtain to fold,
He embraced her within it, and silenced the scold.
In practice, ye husbands, put Jupiter's plan,
And keep your wives quiet—as well as you can.

A CARICATURE.

Tune—*T'other day as I sat in a sycamore shade.*

MAN 's all contradiction, a medley machine,
Now this thing, and now he is that;
To-day all in spirits, to-morrow all spleen,
The next, knows not what to be at.

When in love—how he labours the prize to obtain:
If luck'ly he draws beauty's lot,
He'll hate what he has, nay, possession 's a pain,
And he's mad to have what he has not.

When the wind 's in the east, sad and sick of his life,
As if under the spell of Queen Mab;
He is always at home Sir John Brute to his *wife*,
Abroad, Jerry Sneak to his *drab*.

At the tavern he'll prove all religion is art,
And laugh at Eternity's doom:
But in bed, when alone in the dark, how he'll start,
If a mouse only moves in the room.

He swears, ay, and roundly, that he will be free,
Nay, die ere his country disgrace;
Confusion to Ministers! drinks on his knee,
Then, rising, runs off for a place.

Wives, sisters, or daughters, wherever he stays,
A prey for debauch he intends;
Proper gratitude thus for his welcome he pays—
It is right to be fond of one's friends.

Should pique prompt his spouse to retaliate in kind,
He'll bellow death, vengeance, and all;
My pistols bring quick!—but, quick changing his mind,
On his proctor, imprimis, he'll call.

When maudlin at night, as 'tis nightly the case,
How loving the creature appears;
While drops from dim eyes trickle down his smear'd face,
And hiccups keep time to his tears.

Foolish friendships he'll proffer, and fulsome repeat,
But the zeal of the night snored away,
For his interest, indeed, he to-morrow may meet,
If not, he don't know you next day.

Not the best of us all, not a man is exempt;
If ourselves we impartially scan,
We are objects for pity, or else for contempt:
Misconduct is master of man.

As against our own wills we are tumbled to town,
So reluctant again we go out;
In chasing and changing that *Will* up and down,
We Wisdomites blunder about.

Still blunder we must, as we're born but to die,
And as wise in the dark as the light;
But in drinking, my bucks, all mistakes we defy!
Here's a bumper to prove ourselves right.

THE NORFOLK FARMER.

Tune,
I'm married and happy, with wonder hear this.

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's dappled dawn,
And soaring lark through the air trills,

Ere yet the warm sun drinks the dews from the lawn,
  Or vapours uncover the hills;
While ploughmen are whistling, as furrows they turn,
  And shepherds releasing their care,
I rise to unkennel, at sound of the horn,
  Or course, with my greyhounds, the hare.

In spring-time observing my husbandmen sow,
  Then see how my yearlings go on;
Sometimes, riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe,
  Or, in barn, what my threshers have done.
At home, with the parson, 'bout markets I prate,
  His tithes though I never delay;
We properly each should maintain in his state:
  The vineyard-man's worthy his pay.

My milk-maidens, morn and eve, dairy-cows press,
  For custards, cream, puddings, and cheese;
My daughters keep market in neat but plain dress,
  And dame, too—but 'tis when she 'll please.
We never for master or mistressship strive,
  But man and wife's lot share and share;
As gratitude tells us, in friendship we live,
  Do so, ye *Crim. Cons.* if ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good woman bred,
  My garden gives roots for my health,
For London my bullocks on best fodder fed,
  Yet pinch not the poor for my wealth.
I 've plenty of game in my copses and woods,
  My flock on its thyme feeding thrives;
With fishes well stored are my ponds and my floods,
  And honey from yon row of hives.

What grateful return is to industry made?
  What reward have the bees for their toil?

We boast of our rights, yet their rights we invade.
And seize on their labours as spoil.
But justice to power is only a name;
Great fishes devour the small;
Great birds, and great beasts, and great men do the same,
'Till death, the grand robber, robs all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says grace after meat,
While Welcome attends at my board;
No outlandish mixture disguises my treat,
My wine my own orchards afford.
With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and king,
I drink, as a subject should do;
Perhaps my dame smiles, then one song I must sing,
So, sir, if you please, pray do you.

THE BOTTLE.

Tune—*On a time I was great, now little am grown.*

PUSH the bottle about, name the toast, and away,
With wine be our sentiments flowing;
We idly grow old while we drinking delay,
Be merry, my bucks, and keep doing.
Keep doing, I say, fill it up to the brink,
'Tis a trouble to talk, 'tis a trouble to think,
'Tis a trouble—no, no!—'tis a pleasure to drink.
Pr'ythee ring, we must have t'other bottle.

Our classic is Bacchus, his volumes prefer
To all that is in old Aristotle;
But why, with quotations, should we make a stir?
We 'll stir about briskly the bottle.
A fool once, to find how the world could go round,
Leap'd into the deep, where the puppy was drown'd,
But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,
Such wonders are work'd by a bottle.

The sportsman aroused when the horn harks away,
Shrill echo tantivy repeating,
His warm wishing wife clings around him to stay,
But shouts put to silence entreating.
Yet what is his chase to the chase that we boast?
So, ho! here's a bumper, hark, hark! to the Toast.
Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be lost,
And we're cast in the chase of a bottle.

Let Heroes or Neroes run mad after fame,
We're charged and ranged ready for battle;
Let Placemen perplex, and let Patriots declaim,
Let both be indulged in their prattle;
But preachers o'er liquor we always confute,
Without 'tis the toast, at our meetings we 're mute,
For what, with our wine, can be worth a dispute,
Except 'tis a short measure bottle.

Should sickness with saddening captivity join,
The ancients I 'll equal in thinking;
But all my philosophy should be my wine,
Despair I defy when I 'm drinking.
Stood Death, like a drawer, to wait on me home,
Or, bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,
I 'd try for one moment to tip him a hum,
While I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

BEAUME DE VIE.

Tune—*Two gods of great honour.*

ARIADNE one morning
To Theseus was turning,
When missing her man, to the beach down she flew;
Her cries unavailing,
She saw, far off, sailing,

His ship 'fore the wind less'ning swift to her view.
She tore her fine hair,
Beat her breast in despair,
Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a swoon,
When Bacchus, 'midst æther,
Begg'd leave of his father
To comfort the lady—Jove granted the boon.

Then gently descending,
Her sorrows befriending,
His thyrsis he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd earth,
When o'er the smooth gravel,
In murmuring travel,
A spring of Champaign at her head bubbled forth;
She waked with the scent,
Gave her sorrow fresh vent,
Yet to drink was determined, exhausted by tears;
She tastes the Champaign,
Licks her lips, tastes again,
And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping,
Her heart lightly leaping,
She look'd upon Thes. as a pitiful elf;
Wine turn'd her to singing,
In hopes it would bring in
A lover,—'twas lonely to drink by herself.
The god, her adorer,
Confess'd stood before her,
She hail'd the celestial, she welcomed the guest;
Champaign stopp'd resistance,
She kept not her distance,
But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

Each girl given over,
Betray'd by her lover,

To hartshorn, to salts, or salt-water may fly;
But we've an elixir
Will properly fix her,
If properly she'll the prescription apply:
The recipe's wholesome,
'Tis Beauty's best balsam,
For which we refuse, though, to pocket a fee.
As gratis we give it,
Girls grateful receive it,
So here's to the practice of Love's *Beaume de Vie.*

THE PARENT.

Tune,
Away with the strife, the uproar of state.

A FOND father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their loved mother again.
Men of pleasure be mute, this is Life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew.

Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;
For the May-morn of youth unto Winter's white age,
Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing through Life's stage;
When Death bids us stop we end easy our song,
And give the gods thanks that we've lived well so long.

SELF.

Tune—*I met with a maiden one day at the fair.*

SAYS I to my tutor, sir, what shall I do—
Shall I think to accumulate pelf?

Or learning, or glory, which must I pursue?
Converse, quoth the Put, *with yourself.*

Myself I address'd, but Self seem'd in a huff,
Replying we ne'er shall agree,
For drinking and cards, folly, shame, and such stuff,
Had charged all their odiums on me.

Non est factum, says I, and resolved to be tried,
Conceit bid me hope for some sport;
To sessions I ran, I had Laugh on my side,
Intending to hum the whole court.

But Reflection, a wretch, who had no bus'ness there,
Nor Memory, yet would come in;
Repentance bid Pleasure descend from the chair,
And order'd the cause to begin.

I begg'd a permission to call in my friends,
To prove the defence I should make;
Quoth Self, as to Friendship he served his own ends,
And only did things for my sake.

For his mistress in gaiety I was maintain'd,
For me he a madman has proved;
Though he may to hundreds affection have feign'd,
Yet me, and me only he loved.

In a pet I resolved not a witness to call,
The general issue my plea;
But challenged the court, judge and jury, and all,
That they were as guilty as me.

'Tis the loadstone of life, to that point the world turns,
For man is a miserly elf,

Who cries and laughs, loves and hates, flatters and
scorns,
As interest acts upon Self.

But now I 'm awake—I that logic deny,
Which proves Self the ruler of man;
To the heart that can feel, weeping beauty apply,
Let him think then of Self if he can.

'Till woman has civilised savage mankind,
We cannot susceptible prove;
But when her perfections have beam'd on our mind,
We 're brighten'd to Wisdom and Love.

Ye scoffers begone, ye ridiculous base—
To Gratitude first be my toast;
May Merit meet always with Friendship's embrace,
And each in each other be lost.

THE POINT.

Tune—*I will tell you what, friend.*

SINCE at last I am free,
Contented I 'll be
O'er briars barefooted to go;
Or lost in the rain,
Upon Salisbury plain,
Or left without clothes in the snow.

Or if I should perch
On the top of Paul's church,
The hottest day, just about noon,
Astride the cross sat,
Without hood, or hat,
I 'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am free,
No low spirits for me,
I laugh at all crosses I find;
I think as I please,
And reflect at my ease,
For liberty lies in my mind.

To my fancy I live,
And what fancy can give,
I enjoy, though it is but a dream;
Observe the world through,
Do others pursue
Aught else than a fanciful scheme?

Some fancy the court,
Some fancy field-sport,
The chase of a beauty some choose;
The topers with wine,
The misers with coin,
And poets are pleased with their muse.

La Mancha's mad knight,
With windmills would fight,
Like him our attempts are a jest;
With envy insane,
And with projects so vain,
Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravaganza
On Folly or Fancy,
Appears to be rather too long;
With something that's shrewd,
I wish to conclude,
And make this an epigram song.

In a point it must end,
On a point I depend,

And like a staunch pointer I 'll stand;
I appoint you to sing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch pint of claret command.

TOM O' BEDLAM.

Tune,
Young Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunette.

BARE-FOOT and head-bare, his blanket tight skewer'd,
Tom o' Bedlam paraded, erect as my lord;
The boys left their play, at his raggedness scared,
The mob, pity-struck, at his misery stared.
Girls laugh'd, and the fops, fashion-form'd for the day,
Shrill screaming on tiptoe stole trembling away,
While infants crept close, in their mothers' arms hid,
Tom, beauty-like moved, heedless what harm he did.

" Where 's the devil ?" quoth Tom; " where 's the devil, I say ?
" Good folks, have ye not seen the devil to-day?"
A brother, just cured, cries—" Where Old Nick does dwell,
" Come hither, I 'll show you;—look there is his hell.
" Behold those round pillars with rams'-horns on top,
" A palace some call it, I say 'tis his shop,
" Attendance, Dependence, there move round and round,
" And where such a dance is, the damn'd must be found.

" The fiend of Revenge this vile torment made out,
" 'Twixt Hope and Despair, to hang souls up in doubt.
" Expectation, indeed, may fill Vanity's head,
" But poor must we live when by Promises fed.
" I honour the great, who dare greatly behave,
" I dissent not from pique, nor assent as a slave,
" For Englishmen scorn base-earn'd bread to receive,"
" Such a damn'd life," quoth Tom, " I 'll be damn'd if I live."

That moment a Methodist came to the place,
Hair tuck'd behind ears, and Zeal's cant on his face;
He threaten'd, he groan'd, he grimaced, and he whined,
The mad fellows mounted and seised him behind.
The multitude question'd why he was used thus;
" He has broke out," quoth Tom,—" he 's, you see, one of us."
To their hospital dragg'd him, he there was unloosed,
Tom cried out—" At Bedlam is madness refused ?"

His comate replied—" Brother Tom do not fret,
" The world only works now for what it can get;
" Such sad objects as we are, it cares not about,
" What has interest to do with us two, in or out ?
" But this a decoy duck, who brings in great gains,
" And tunnels his hearers by turning their brains.
" If he 's stopp'd, folks will follow some mischief as bad,
" For one way or other, the world will be mad."

Here 's a bumper, my boys, may we still find the way,
To speak what we know, and to know what we say.

Ye big wigs of Gresham some nostrum compound,
To keep our heads clear, and preserve our hearts sound.
May Greatness and Goodness as partners agree,
May our sons, like ourselves, social sing we are free!
And may we, self-conscious, presumption despise,
Nor e'er be so mad as to think ourselves wise.

SEMELE.

Tune,

Hang whining and pining, lay hold of your glass.

EXTINGUISH the candles, give Phœbus fair play,
The shutters unbolt, let us honour the day;
My lady Lucina we've drove from her post,
The sun shines upon us, we'll give him a toast.

Says Caution, the neighbours are passing along,
They'll look through the sashes, and tell us we're wrong:
Remonstrance, avaunt—what is all they can say?
But they've slept all night whilst we drank it away.

Ye tutors, disputers, ye dignified doctors,
Ye majors, ye minors, with prebends and proctors,
What sense is it, prithee, which tells us to think?
When all our seven senses declare we should drink.

Our patron is Bacchus, and Jove was his sire,
He was born in a burst of celestial fire;
Mamma begg'd the god would come worthy her charms,
The light'ning of love proved too much for her arms.

From her, in a moment, the baby was snatch'd,
And into a buck by nurse Jupiter hatch'd.

Th' immortal to expiate Semele's rape,
Bestow'd on his foundling the gift of the gr

Ye love-sick who live on the shine of an ey
The red of a cheek, or the tone of a sigh;
Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a f
As weather-glass shows variations of air:

In country or town you have seen, without
A dancing-bear led by a ring in his snout;
While pug plays his tricks if you show him
fruit,
These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers

If girls won't comply, why we never run ma
But away to the next, as enough may be ha
If again we're repulsed, we ne'er hang nor d
But in wine comfort seek, we are sure of it

Draw your bows, ye Crochetti, in Music's d
With *sound* I'm for having a portion of *se*
Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar
With a good fellow's bellow—bring six bottles

Six bottles! we'll have them, and bumper a
We've drank up the night, and we'll drink
the day;
Here's their healths, who to wine and their
will be just;
Here's the girl that we love, and the friend
trust.

MEDIOCRITY.

Tune—*Attempt to be happy! but how can th*

IN a neighbourly way, with an honest man's
Unoffending, I hope to succeed;
Attend if you please, if you're pleased with a
Imprimis, let Probity lead.

Be careful to keep on Humility's side,
Nor ever lose Gratitude's view;
Obey not the envy of Pique nor of Pride,
Nor pilfer from Merit its due.

Be assured that Esteem is a noble estate,—
Let not a fond smile make you proud;
Nor rail at men merely because they are great,
Be not duped by the roar of a crowd.

Shun Flattery's phrase, let not Promise allure,
Nor dangle for dinners in taste;
Forget not old friends, though perhaps they are poor,
Nor make new acquaintance in haste.

Oh! suffer not Interest Friendship to wean,
Accept not Servility's treat;
Nor silently witness Iniquity's scene,
But open at once on Deceit.

Remember yourself, spare the shame of your friend,
Nor carry your Wit to excess;
With spirit the cause of the absent defend,
And shrink not your arm from Distress.

Oppress not the low, nor be high people's slave,
Nor ever despair nor be vain;
Howe'er inconsistent the world may behave,
Mediocrity ever maintain.

His views let Ambition extend o'er the state,
Let Avarice gluttonize wealth;
No nabobs I wish for, I would not be great,
I only ask humbly for health.

How cheerful, in health, will my latter days pass,
Unenvy'd, unenvying live;
With the friends I have proved, and my fav'rite lass,
And practice the precepts I give.

...gundy's blessings n
And toast the first toper who

My song is to Bacchus, the g
The engineer artist to spring .
Without him Wit pines, and l
Cold water has kept the nine l

Quoth Temperance, " Water
health ;"
" And water," quoth Prudence
wealth ;"
Though odd it may seem, as the
Once water help'd Bacchus, and

" It was when his harvest rejoice
" Beneath the first vine, Love o
" Yet Hate raised some rebels w
sway,
" And, drunk with his bounty,

" He har...

" Each rebel, next morn, raised the flask to his
head,
" But chill'd the first gulp, in an ague-fit fled;
" Fled, trembling, from monarch to meanest me-
chanic,
" From hence came the phrase, to put men in a
panic."

CONTENTMENT.

Tune,

Ye nobles who hurry through ev'ry gay toil.

THE poachers for fortune who damsels ensnare,
With dress and addresses deceive;
To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear,
And, alas! how the lasses believe.

Nay, some ladies seem to expect being lost,
They trust whom they know are forsworn,
They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,
And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believed?—no!—the song-maker jokes,
'Tis the tale of a slanderous crew;
A sigh!—then I fear that there may be some folks
Who are sorry to say it is true.

But when love for love is received on each side,
How Tenderness smiles on the pair;
This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride,
I enjoy such a favourite fair.

No paint in her face,—no art in her mind,
Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes;
From principle faithful, from gratitude kind,
And scorns the deceit of disguise.

Or point to the brook wher
And count them beneath

In rooms rich embellish'd
Let wealth pamper'd Ind
Let Wantonness act her de
'Till dupes to her dunge

Let common-place Fondr
spread,
And tempt by the toilet'
The squeeze, the soft sigh
tread,
Are pantomime tricks o

I have try'd, and can tell,-
And follow'd the fashio
The same farce have acted
And while the world wi

Though you smile at my system, and sneer at my
song,
His worship's allow'd to be Prince of Bon Ton;
Now thus lies the bus'ness, sirs, as we're polite,
And practise good manners, pray what is his right?

The devil is in you's a phrase daily used,
Yet oft, by such language the devil's abused:
Though some hollow hearts may have much room
to spare,
The devil himself would not choose to dwell there.

Some people affect with this world to be sick,
And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick;
Devil fetch me! they cry; but if Satan they knew,
His Honour has much better bus'ness to do.

Though of darkness he's king, he's a prince of
the air,
And with his Infernalship we should deal fair;
The cheerful day's ruled by the angel of light,
And the devil (Lord bless us) is monarch of night.

His torturing spirits around him await,
As watchmen attend on the constable's state;
Those imps of authority sally in shoals,
And pennyless strumpets drag in as damn'd souls.

The hell upon earth, and life's dev'lish disease,
Is poverty sinning, and seized on for fees;
Deep in darkness that dross we call money was hid,
A proof that the use on't to us was forbid.

But Pluto, the devil's old heathenish name,
Brought it forth from below, as a varnish for shame:
Persuasion, Temptation, attended the gold,
'Till all have been bid for, and few are unsold.

We are dev'lishly odd, in a dev'lish odd way,
Since bribe as bribe can, there's *the devil to*
The devil of party makes damnable rout,
Though the devil a bit can we tell what abo

May Satan seize those who by purchase decei
May they take the same road who such thin
ceive;
But may we preserve honest men, though t
few,
Export all the rest, give *the devil his due.*

THE FRIGHT.

Tune—*Ah! Chloe! transported, I crie*

ONE ev'ning alone in the grove,
Miss sat on the side of the green,
She wonder'd at what they call love,
And what it was married folks mean.
" All night how I tumble and toss,
" Yet neither want manner nor means;
" Alas! must I live to my loss,
" And wither away in my teens?"

Young Rodophil ran up the slope,
As if he some sport had in view;
She trembled betwixt fear and hope,
Irresolute what she should do.
She saw him advance to her seat,
She saw him, but could not away;
Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
As lovers to lovers will speak;

Enamour'd, he over her hung,
  Then bow'd down his lips to her cheek.
He knelt, she attempted to rise,
  Though 'twas but a feeble essay;
The wildness he wore in his eyes,
  So scared her, she fainted away.

TIME KILLERS.

Tune—*How foolish weak women believe.*

HOW weak is the wisdom of man?
  How foolish the fancy of taste?
Admitting that life's but a span,
  That span must we wantonly waste?
About we dissatisfy'd move,
  And ramble from climate to clime;
Yet neither enjoy nor improve,
  But only, alas! to kill time.

Ye husbands, rash dupes to excess,
  Pretend to live damn'd honest lives,
Ingrates to the good ye possess,
  You abuse both your time and your wives.
At midnight inebriate reel,
  A prey to foul prostitute's lure,
O! think what affection must feel,
  What delicate wives may endure?

The gun-loaded 'squire will toil
  All day with keen Industry's care,
Incessantly anxious to spoil,
  The innocent tenants of air.
Or after the fox bursts away,
  Swift down the wind gallops along;
The mischiefs that chance in the day,
  At night furnish fun for a song.

At toilets how beauties appear,
  Like fowlers they arm and take aim;
High charged with curls, tier over tier,
  And animal man is their game.
Sometimes with less dangerous arts
  The fair, dissipations pursue,
If trifles did not take their parts,
  With horrid time what could they do?

When fine women do as they please,
  They hear not the nursery's din;
No husband's absurdities tease,
  They fly such dull scenes to cut in.
Dear brag, hazard, loo, and quadrille,
  Delightful! ecstatic! immense!
With them each reflection they kill,
  And escape all the trouble of sense.

Yet, lovelies, before 'tis too late,
  While yet the pulse beats in its prime,
Consider that wrinkles await,
  And make up your quarrel with Time.
Before 'tis too late, so will we—
  Too long I've your patience be-rhimed,
With Time may we henceforth agree,
  And henceforth all things be well-timed.

THE FUNERAL.

Tune—*Come ye careless, come and hear me.*

SEE the pall-supporting bearers,
  All in undertaker's show;
See the train of sable-wearers
  Acting ev'ry mode of woe.

Silent crowds the spot surrounding,
Call'd the *grand receiver's* dome;
Dismal tolling, tenor sounding,
Fellow mortals follow home.

List! oh list! ye state declaimers,
On whose words the many dwell;
Place-bestowing, patriot-tamers,
Hark! oh hark! 'tis grandeur's knell.
Heralds loud proclaim the honours
Which this once puissant past;
Tell his titles, count his manors,
Lord of only this at last.

View the tomb with sculpture splendid,
View the sod with briars bound;
There the farce of finery 's ended,
All are equal under ground.
Fashions there, there Envy 's banish'd,
Beauties there can't plead their forms;
There precedencies are vanish'd,
Offals all to odious worms.

Wise folks, weak ones, poor and wealthy,
Tenant unremitting graves;
Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,
Britain's sons, and Asian slaves.
Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,
Meet the moment, come what may;
If we're all to die to-morrow,
Let us live, my lads, to-day.

We'll not lavish life's expenses,
Nor be niggards when we pay;
Let us please, not pall our senses,
This is Reason's holiday.

Here, to dunces bid defiance,
Affectations disapprove;
Here 's my toast,—The grand alliance,
Friendship, Freedom, Wit, and Love

THE COBBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE

Tune,
Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school

THOUGH a cobbler is call'd but a low occu
The practice of cobbling is come into fashio
From me up to those who would cobble the

Some say that old England wants heel-piec
true,
Our country is trod upon like an old shoe,
And may heel-pieces want, ay, and head-piec

One, vamping our old constitution pretends,
And turn and translate it to serve self and f
All this is but botching to serve their own e

Each roof in this island with Liberty rings,
The good of their country each party-man s
The sense of that phrase is—my country's
things.

If I, but how should I the state have a hand
Good souls I 'd be picking, the bad be disba
And then we should come to a right understa

Against want the cunning man wisely provid
A storm-shunning shepherd beneath a bush
So as the times change we are sure to change

With my awl in my hand I 'll old England defend,
Giving room to my betters, who 've much room to
mend,
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those who are heedless what here may mishap,
Their hearts are as hard as the stone in my lap,
They 're taking their swing, would their swing was
my strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,
Or else I could hammer out such a fine theme,
It was about something I saw in a dream.

To my *last* I am come, and that shall not last long,
So this is the last of a poor cobbler's song,
May they now be right who till now have been wrong.

MUM.

Tune—*Ye medley of mortals.*

YE gossips who blab out the secrets of state,
Ye tell-tales who over the tea-tables prate,
Ye boasters of favours from beauties o'ercome,
Be wiser, poor prattlers, henceforward be mum.
Sing tantararara mum all.

Ye wives who have husbands neglecting their duties,
That time give the bottle that 's due to your beauties;
Would you cure them? take care when in drink
they reel home,
To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be mum.

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold long;
But the best hold of all is holding your tongue.

M.

Though wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the man who is mum?

The servant who slily keeps silent will rise,
His ears he must doubt, nor give faith to his eyes;
Ask the fine waiting-maid how she rich could become,
She will curt'sy and answer,—because I was mum.

But enough has been said, and enough has been sung;
Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er your tongue;
I've no more to say, to an end I have come,
My rhymes are all out, I must henceforth be mum.
Sing tantararara mum all.

THE HUM.

Tune—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the—stay!
What business have I an old song to impart,
When I, sirs, a new one can say, can say?

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?
What best will my bad voice become?
Why faith, sirs, I'll strive by my verses to show,
That life is, alas! but a hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,
At death the most happy look glum;
At our entrance and exit we equally cry,
Which proves our life's plainly a hum.

Law and physic you see will make sure of the fee,
What advice to you gratis will come;
If poor, you are lost, though merit you boast,
For worth without wealth is a hum.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they 'll mend,
And vow to your service they 'll come;
But be you in need, and you 'll find that indeed,
Modern friendship is merely a hum.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,
(But let us be modest and mum),
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for show,
Religion with them is a hum.

We are humm'd from our birth, till we're humm'd into earth,
To the end of our jokes then we come;
Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I 'll take another,
And thus make the most of a hum, a hum,
And let 's make the most of a hum.

PRESENT TASTE.

Tune,
Last night, in my dream, I beheld a brown lass.

ONE day meeting Momus, it was upon 'Change,
Accosting the droll with—What news?
By the foot of Alcides, quoth he, it is strange,
That the English should England abuse.
As locusts, in swarms, cross the seas for their prey,
As woodcocks first fleshless appear,

So shoals of imported illib'rals this day,
(Necessity's troop), landed here.

Not a stroller from France, not a vagrant from Rome,
Not a Swiss with a Marmoset show,
But here men of science and breeding become,
Outlandish folks ev'ry thing know.
The rich will receive them as Flattery's imps,
Servility grins in their looks,
And British-born artists are elbow'd by pimps,
By hair-dressers, dancers, and cooks.

English merit, in vain, may attempt at the lead,
All the wit in the world we may waste;
But things from beyond sea are sure to succeed,
They hit the high fashion of Taste.
To taste and to honour who has not a claim?
They are worn without any expense;
They are self-bestow'd gifts, they 're egotist's fame,
They 're knav'ry and dunces' defence.

English might be allow'd in the rude days of yore,
Such vulgars we can't now endure;
There is something so soft in the sound of Signior,
And immensely polite in *Messieur*.
How coarse sound the Sandbys; in merit indeed
Those brothers embellish the age.
Can such a rude name now as Rooker succeed?
Besides, he belongs to the stage.

All 's vulgar and horrid, low, wretched, and flat,
Of us thus the connoisseur speaks;
But exquisite fine, 'tis immense, and all that,
When he talks about Gothics and Greeks.
Perhaps my address a presumption may seem,
And received by the rich as a sneer;

But with all you are worth, to be worthy esteem,
Do justice to Genius born here.

NOBODY AND NOTHING.

Tune—*Gee ho Dobbin.*

A STORY, or song, you have left to my choice,
For one I 've no humour, for t' other no voice;
In attempting a tune I like nobody bawl,
And as to a mimic, I 'm nothing at all.

The wrinkled-cheek critic, called Squire Syntaxis,
Pedantical speaking would bring into practice,
With classical gabble may wink and may sneer,
And beg I would make the thing *nothing* appear.

For schoolmasters conjugate derivate stuff,
I speak to be understood, that is enough;
The phrase of *like nobody* they may condemn,
But as I sing nothing, 'tis nothing to them.

Now as to this nobody I dare to say,
Although we see somebody always in play;
And sometimes that something may somehow be shown,
Yet Nobody only must many things own.

The public is pester'd with many gay forms,
Like butterflies springing from grubs and from worms;
Those well-dress'd necessities daily we view,
In Nobody's bus'ness with nothing to do.

They 've nothing to think on, they 've nothing to say,
Nobody 's all night, and just nothing all day;

At nothing they laugh, and at nothing they
And nobody cares how they live or they die.

'Tis Nobody only can guess the game play'd,
When Nobody 's by, betwixt master and ma
Unless Indiscretion should alter their plan,
Nobody knows nothing 'twixt mistress and s

The romp too ripe grown, unless gather'd a s
Will fall, the first shake, from weak Cha
boughs;
Dear Captain, she whispers, somebody will h
Dear Miss, whispers he, there is nobody nea

But when she 's betray'd, by her passion, to s
And parents and guardians begin with their l
Who, I, sir?—not I, sir!—no! honour forbi
If I am with child, it was Nobody did it.

The tread of gallant by Cornuto is heard,
On tiptoe the lover from rendezvous scared;
Who 's there? starts the husband,—'tis thiev
I hear;
But wife pats his cheek, and lisps, Nobody!

Anybody may say, if they please, I am wror
Ev'rybody find fault, if they please, with my
But careful lest somebody we should offend,
I with nothing began, and with Nobody end

THE SWEETHEARTS.

Tune—*Derry down.*

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are s
And every thing talk'd of except what is tru

Among other stories my fable may pass,
Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass,
Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, *à-la-mode de Paris,*
All fashion, all feather, *bien Monsieur Poudrie;*
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff again.

A Dutchman advanced, when the lady he saw,
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he waddled out yaw;
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer;
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough was his name;
He bow'd to the lass, and he stared at Mounseer,
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said,—Ah, arrah
my dear!

The next a Mess John, of rank Methodist taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint,
Closed hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle
his face,
Then turn'd up his eyes, as about to say grace.

A neat English sailor in holiday trim,
Who long loved the lass, and the lass had loved him,
Athwart them all stept, under arm toss'd his switch,
Squared his hat, oped his pouch, gave his trowsers
a hitch.

He along-side her fell, and he grappled on board,
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd,
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.
Derry down, &c.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Tune—*Go on, ye gay wantons, &c.*

YE Lexicon critics, whose classical pride,
Plain sense and plain English, as moderns, deride;
Yet woman, dear woman! your minds could improve,
Turn students to her, take a lesson of love.

Ye rustics who burst from the arms of embrace,
To beauty prefer the rude joys of the chace,
So savage a practice no more you 'll approve,
When once you have practised a lesson of love.

At midnight, ye topers, when bump'ring your toast,
Be careful of who, and to whom 'tis you boast;
If the tythe of those joys you pretend ye could prove,
Wine would not have power to wean you from love.

Ye soldiers, who rush through the rough work of war,
As statesmen may scheme, or as sovereigns jar,
Engagements more glorious at home ye may prove,
So set up your standards and list under Love.

Ye busy in traffic, whose cent. per cent. lives,
Can estimate justly all worth—but your wives;
While th' interests of trade you so anxious improve,
You neglect their demands, and are bankrupts to Love.

The life of a man is inquietude's reign,
Care, dulness, fatigue, disappointment, and pain;
But clasp the fond female, those ills she 'll remove,
Such witchcraft has woman, such magic is love.

SONG THE LAST;

OR,

EPILOGUE.

Tune—*Laura's song in the Chaplet.*

THE Wits were wont, in ancient times,
To estimate their age by rhymes,
A ballad was their schooling;
We moderns may, perhaps, be wrong,
If not likewise, also a song,
May fit us for our *fooling*.

Imprimis, there's the men of state,
But, hold! I'll let alone the great,
Lest I should gain a schooling,
For Greatness was not form'd for sport,
Though some folks greatly make their court
By greatly, greatly fooling.

We play the fool, we act the wise,
We bare-faced walk, or wear disguise,
As hopes and fears are ruling;
And yet, with all our deep-laid wiles,
From John o' Nokes to Tom o' Stiles,
What is it all but fooling?

If men will think, if men will see,
That all this to—or not to be,
Is as we're hot or cooling;
To-day on Expectation's wing,
To-morrow off, 'tis not the thing,
What is the thing?—why fooling.

Fool on, fool on, for life at best,
Is but half-bred, 'twixt cry and jest,
As Chance, not Reason's ruling;
To Chance we owe our rights and wrongs,
To *Chance* I dedicate these Songs,
A ballad-maker's fooling.

G. A. S.

THE END.

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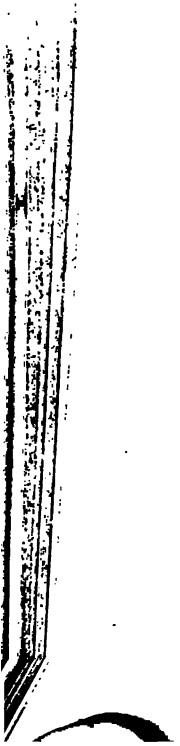

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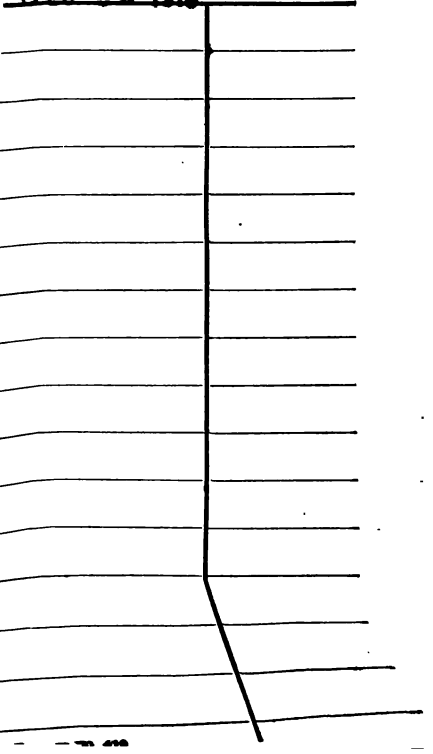
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